

# The Sketch



No. 628.—VOL. XLIX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1905.

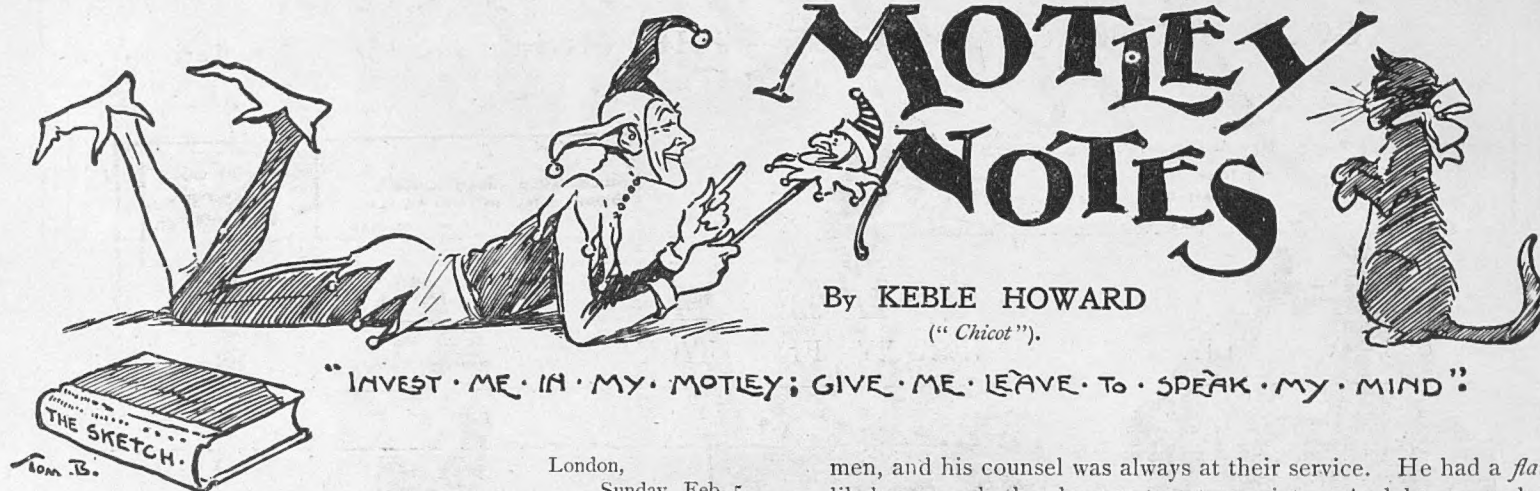
SIXPENCE.



THE ROYAL INVALID: H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey.*





London,  
Sunday, Feb. 5.

I HOPE I may be excused for talking about something that happened as long ago as last Sunday evening. The something in question was the comedy by Mr. G. S. Street, entitled "Great Friends," produced by the Stage Society at the Court Theatre. I realise, you see, that that is all ancient history. What is more, I know the reason. These "great friends" were a selfish married woman and an egotistical bachelor. The woman's husband was a miserable, degenerate fool, and the man was engaged to a young girl who lavished upon him so much of love, and confidence, and adoration that, naturally enough, he preferred the society of the married woman. "Naturally enough"—there you have the explanation of the sad fact that Mr. Street's very clever comedy is, by this time, ancient history. The story is so natural, the dialogue is so unforced, the characters are so faithfully drawn that the play is not worth the consideration of any manager who feels it incumbent upon him to retire with a tremendous fortune at the age of five-and-fifty. Mr. Street has probably realised, now that the story has become common property, that he would have done better to make a book of it. In spite of the rush of novelists to the theatre, I am not at all sure that George Meredith and Thomas Hardy were not wiser in their own generation.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, I suppose, would not agree with me. His advice would be, "Write plays, my boy, but write 'em so that they'll run." Hence "The Admirable Crichton" and "Peter Pan"—plays full of humour, wit, charm, originality, observation, but never going far beneath the surface of things, for ever taking the salt from the tear of sympathy by drowning it in tears of merriment. Mr. Barrie preserves this attitude, too, in semi-private life. Presiding last night at a little dinner given to Mr. Nicol Dunn—the very able editor and admirable man who is leaving the chair of the *Morning Post* to take control of the *Manchester Courier*—Mr. Barrie made the best after-dinner speech, I think, that I have ever heard. At last, he said, the greatest ambition of his life was being fulfilled: he was presiding over an important political gathering. Politicians, he went on, had this advantage over literary men, that they were able to lead imaginative lives. The writer was compelled to be a practical person: he was compelled to tell his readers what he meant in the first line. "That," said Mr. Barrie, "is the reason why I should never make a good political speaker: I should tell my audience what I meant in the first sentence." A little later he paid a fine tribute to Mr. Dunn, and referred, with real eloquence, to the late W. E. Henley. Well, an after-dinner speech must not be a heavy affair, but I, for one, would willingly have exchanged half Mr. Barrie's flippancies last night, brilliant as they were, for a little more seriousness. I could not help feeling that he was throwing away a great chance. Both the occasion and the audience were quite exceptional, and I believe that the speech of the chairman would have lived far longer in our memories if only Mr. Barrie, for once in a way, had dared to open wide the flood-gates of his heart.

The mention of Henley reminds me of an exceedingly interesting article on "Mr. Henley and the *National Observer*" that appeared in a recent number of *T. P.'s Weekly*. The writer of the article was Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, one of the fortunate young men, of course, who came under Henley's influence. How real that influence was you may judge by the following short extract from Mr. Marriott Watson's article. "I know of no one," he says, "in the last hundred years who gathered about him so many men of promise, and helped to encourage and inspire them. His house was always open to his young

men, and his counsel was always at their service. He had a *flair* for a likely man, whether he was twenty or sixty. And he never hesitated to back his opinions by deeds." What would the younger generation of writers at the present day not give for such a friend? Among all these famous, wealthy authors, who find the years so long and so empty now that the battle has ended in victory, is there not one who will dare to follow in the footsteps of the great Henley?

In the same number of *T. P.'s Weekly* I came across two further features of especial interest. One was on "Dickens and Street Music," and consisted in the main of a letter sent by Charles Dickens to a Member of Parliament, protesting against the horrible, wholly unnecessary noises which make London almost unbearable, at times, for those who have to earn their bread by work that requires absolute concentration of the brain. Among those who signed the letter were Alfred Tennyson, J. Everett Millais, W. Holman Hunt, Thomas Carlyle, John Leech, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished people. Dickens put the case in this way: "Your correspondents are professors and practitioners of one or other of the Arts or Sciences. In their devotion to their pursuits—tending to the peace and comfort of mankind—they are daily interrupted, harassed, worried, wearied, and driven nearly mad by street musicians. They are even made especial objects of persecution by brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, worriers of fiddles, and bellowers of ballads." If Dickens had lived in the humble rooms where these notes are penned, he would undoubtedly have included in his list of persecutions the cries of cabbies, the yellings of paper-boys, the clangings of navvies, the stampings of horses, the brawlings of drunkards. And his earnest appeal would still have met with no response.

The third feature that arrested my attention in this particular number of Mr. O'Connor's clever little paper was a correspondence under the extraordinary heading, "Are Children Tired of 'Alice'?"—meaning, of course, Lewis Carroll's delicious "Alice in Wonderland." I say that the heading struck me as extraordinary because I should not have thought it possible, more particularly in a literary paper, to work up a correspondence upon such a subject. Mr. O'Connor, however, evidently knows more about the stupidity and the ingratitude of the world than I, for he has actually discovered three people who think that children "don't see anything in" the Alice books. Well, well! For my part, I have never met—and, if the fairies are kind, never shall meet—the child who could resist the White Rabbit, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the Dormouse, the March Hare, the Mad Hatter, the Gryphon, the Walrus, the Carpenter, and all the other dear, quaint friends that I have known and loved since I was six years of age, and whose adventures I have read aloud, Christmas after Christmas, to a little crowd of eager, breathless, delighted children. Is there any child, I wonder, who would honestly prefer the sickly piety of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" to the tale that the Dormouse told?

"Once upon a time," the Dormouse began hurriedly, as though afraid that he would fall asleep before he had finished, "there were three little girls who lived at the bottom of a well."

"What sort of a well?" asked Alice.

"A treacle-well," said the Dormouse.

"What did they live on?" asked Alice.

"Treacle," replied the Dormouse.

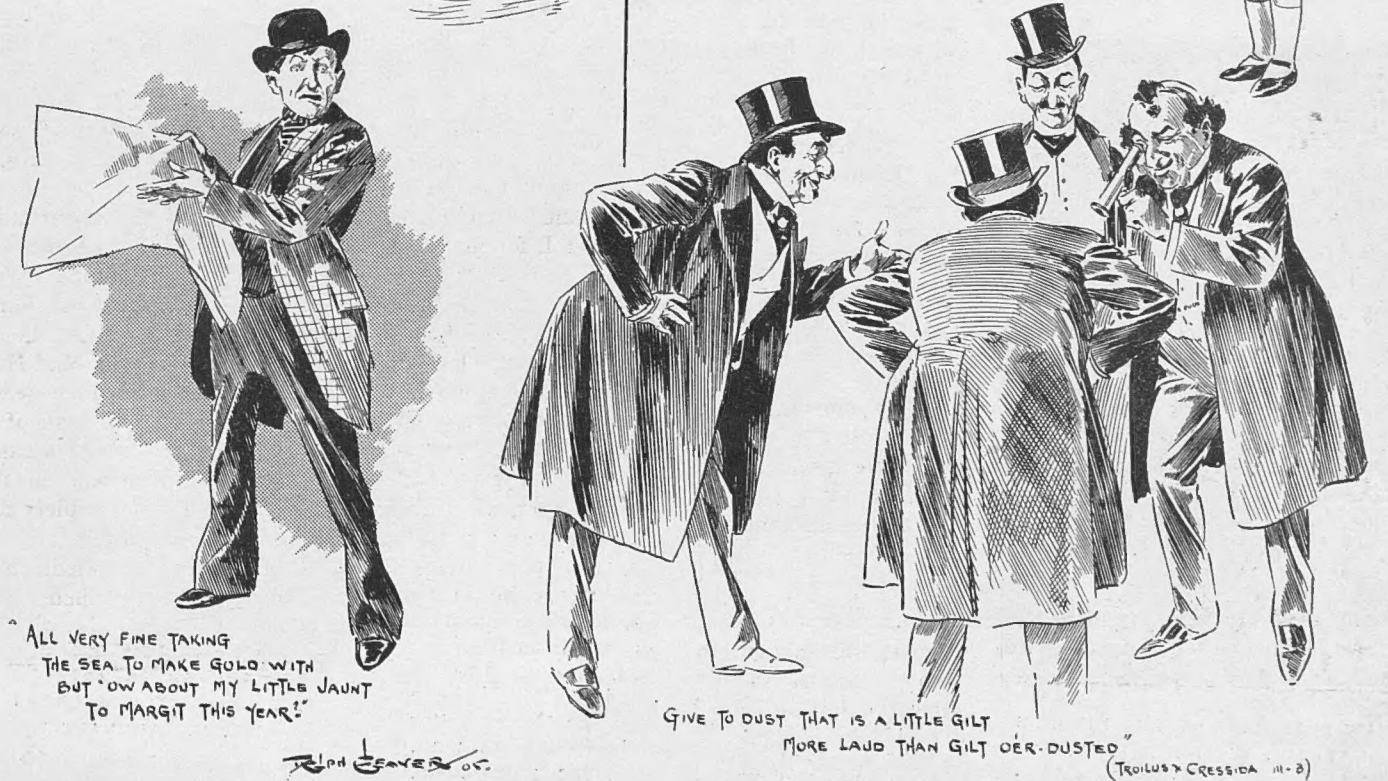
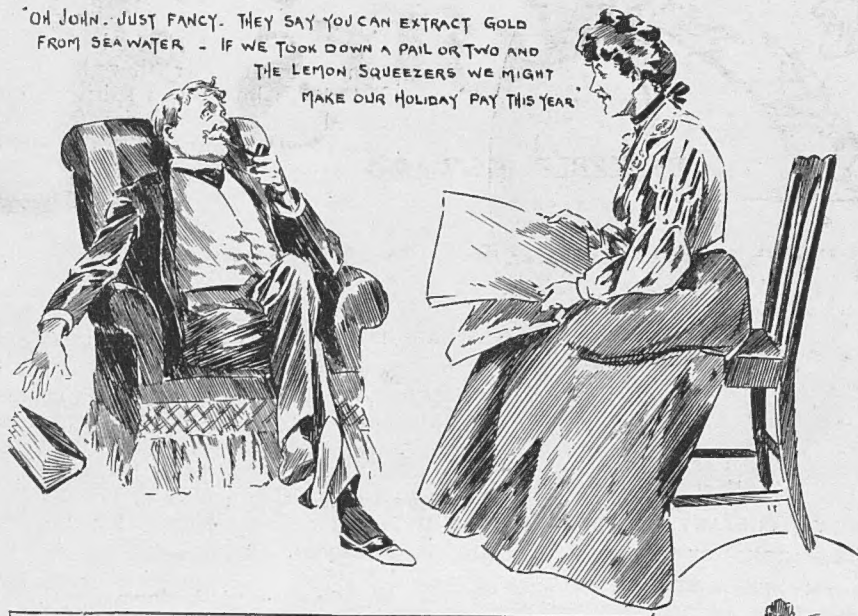
"But they'd have been ill," said Alice.

"So they were," murmured the Dormouse, sleepily, "very ill."

I quote from memory, by the way. My copy of "Alice" has just been borrowed for the third time by an impetuous little lady of five.



GOLD FROM SEA-WATER—THE HUMOUR OF IT.





## THE CLUBMAN.

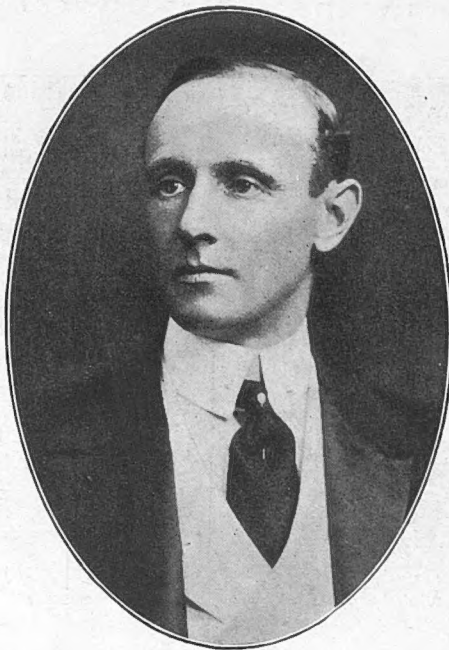
*Afghan Hopes—Butterfly-Collecting!—The Workmen and the Czar—The New Service Rifle—The Uses of the Bayonet.*

THE fact that a visitor from the Russian Army has been killed in the streets of Kabul is a useful reminder that the grey-coated soldiers are in great numbers on the Afghan border and that the Afghans dislike them more heartily than they do the British. The Afghan wants no European in his country. There is an Eastern saying, "Where the road goes the Government follows," and the hillmen are even more suspicious of engineers than of soldiers.

On the north-east border of India the natives hold naturalists in dread. A well-known man of science once went along the border catching butterflies in a green net, and immediately afterwards Sikkim was annexed by the British. In the foot-hills of the Himalayas it is, therefore, considered probable that anyone making a collection of butterflies is really prospecting to see if there is any new territory worth seizing.

If the Ameer has asked from the British Mission all that the reports from the East say he has, he has not erred on the side of modesty. The Ameer does not think that his people are sufficiently civilised for the introduction of an electric-telegraph and railways into the country, and, no doubt, they would fiercely resent any such innovation and do their best to murder the engineers and the workmen. Both the Russians and ourselves have railways touching the Afghan border, and, if war were declared and Afghanistan became the cockpit it assuredly would, there would be a race as to whether the Russians got their railway to Herat or we ours to Kandahar the first. If we had a railway ready laid, it would give us the first trick in the great game of war.

Though the British are not to run railways to Kandahar and Kabul, the Ameer is said to have two suggestions of his own, one being



THE NEW SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND:  
THE MARQUIS OF LINLITHGOW.

The Marquis of Linlithgow, better remembered, perhaps, as Lord Hopetoun, has held numerous important offices. Amongst other posts, he has filled those of Governor of Victoria, first Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, Paymaster-General, Lord Chamberlain, and House of Lords Whip.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry



A FALL IN "STRADS.": A £1,200 VIOLIN JUST SOLD FOR £600.

This undoubted Stradivari, which has just been sold by auction for £600 at Messrs. Glendining's, was purchased from Reichers, the well-known Berlin dealer, for just double that amount in 1886. It is dated 1706-1710, and the bidding began at £200.

that he should be allowed to have a representative at the Court of St. James, the same request that the Shahzada came to London to lay at the feet of the late Queen, and the other that he should be given a road to the sea instead of his annual allowance in money. The first request touches the Afghan national pride, but it is not likely to be granted now any more than it was in the last reign. As to the second, a glance at the map shows that the Ameer would either have to make a road for himself through Baluchistan to the sea, or we should have to give him an enclave at Karachi. No doubt, he resents the careful eye the Indian Government keeps on his importation of arms

the Continental Powers, it will be necessary to lengthen the bayonet or sword carried by our men. The bayonet-fighting in the present war shows that infantry do still get to close quarters, and to send a man into battle with the knowledge that, if he does get to bayonet-push, his adversary will have five inches more cold steel to thrust at him than he will have to thrust back with is to start a duel with weapons unfairly matched. An infantry soldier is always taught that he is to get to close quarters as quickly as possible, and, to be keen to do so, he should believe that he is a better fighter, man to man, than his antagonists, and that he has a better weapon for hand-to-hand fighting.

and the occasional delay on their way of guns made in Germany.

There is a certain grim comedy in the reception of the deputation of workmen by the Czar. That the men should have been selected by the dictator who rules St. Petersburg tells how representative they must have been, and that they cheered and drank the Emperor's health after they had been duly lectured shows how much spirit was in them. It was all part of the grim farce which is being enacted in Russia. The bureaucrats there are fighting for existence, and, for the time, the Czar, either with or against his will, is being used as a puppet.

The men of the offices, the great swarm of Government officials, are in danger of their lives, and if the mob did get the upper hand there is no doubt that they would treat the men who have kept them in misery as the strikers treated the General whose sleigh they stopped. They hit him in the face with a broken bottle, which makes a hideous wound, then dragged him from his sleigh and tore him to pieces as a pack of hounds does a fox. It is not a pretty picture for the officials to dream about.

We have settled down comfortably into the belief, which, I think, is well founded, that this nation will soon possess a field-gun better than that of any other European nation, but no sooner are we content on this subject than some of the military critics frighten us by saying that the new rifle which is being made and is to be issued to the Horse and Foot and also to the Navy has too short a barrel. The alarmists say that the new sights and new wind-gauge make the new, short-barrelled rifle a better one than the old, long-barrelled one, but that, given equal conditions of sights, gauges, and rifling, a long barrel is always a better one than a short, and they point out that long rifles are always used in match-shooting. This is a very pretty quarrel for experts, and for the next week or two the battle will rage all along the line.

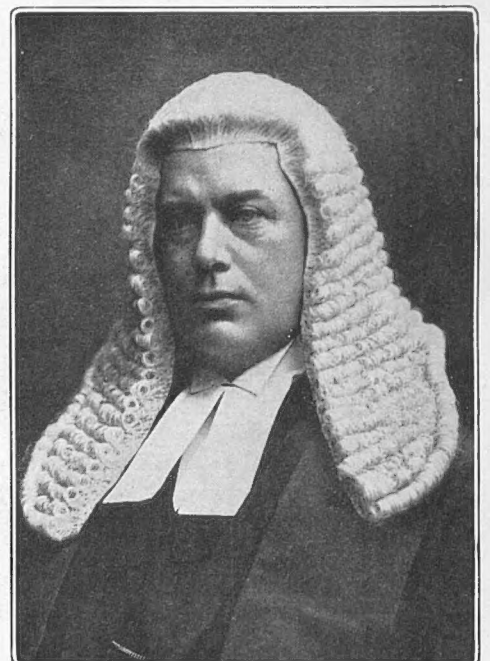
Of one thing I am certain, and that is, if our new rifle is to be five inches shorter than those of



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT: MR. JUSTICE BARNES.

Sir Francis Jeune's successor, Sir John Gorell Barnes, has been a Judge of the Division over which he is to preside since 1892. He is the son of a Liverpool ship-owner, and was called to the Bar in 1876.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE NEW DIVORCE COURT JUDGE:  
MR. H. BARGRAVE DEANE.

Mr. Deane has been the leader in the Probate and Divorce Courts for some years past. He has been Recorder of Margate; was a ruthless cross-examiner; and is the author of a treatise on "The Law of Blockade."

Photograph by Vandyk.

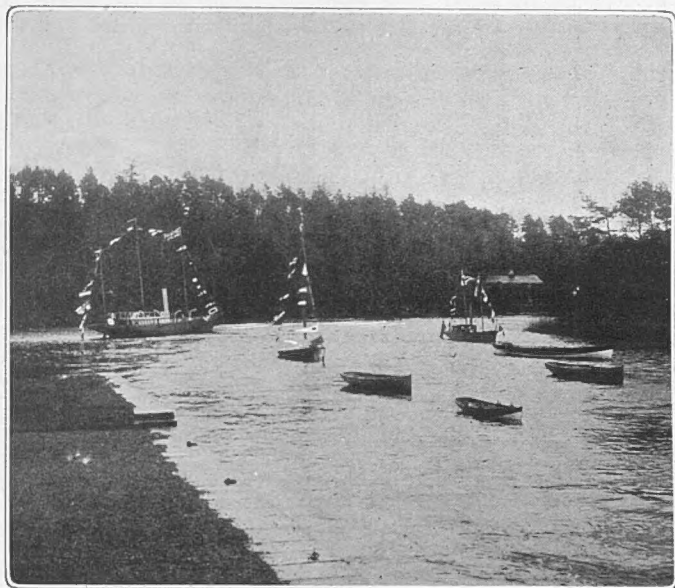


## THE PRINCE OF WALES IN IRELAND—UNOFFICIALLY AND OFFICIALLY.

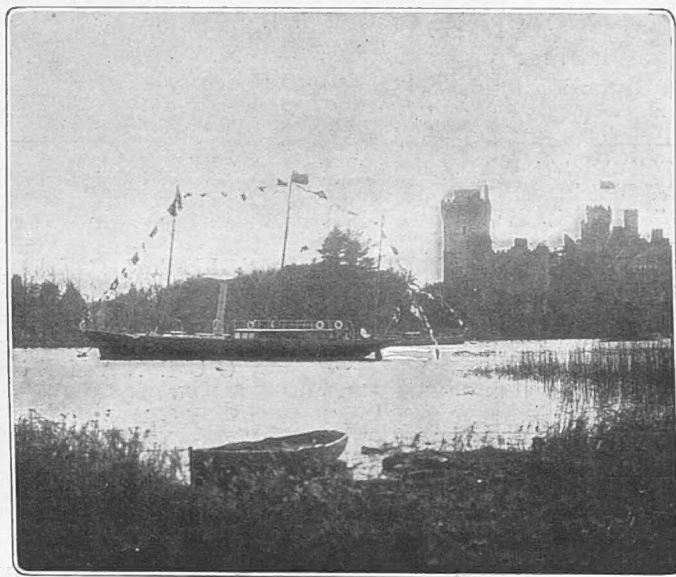


Hon. R. Dillon. Sir Charles Cust. Major Acland Hood. Lord Bandon. The Prince. Lord Ardilaun. Mr. Percy La Touche.

UNOFFICIAL: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH HIS HOST, LORD ARDILAUN, AT THE DOOR OF DOON COTTAGE.



A MINIATURE FLEET DRESSED IN HONOUR OF A ROYAL ADMIRAL: LORD ARDILAUN'S "NAVY."



THE SCENE OF THE PRINCE'S PRIVATE VISIT: ASHFORD HOUSE, LORD ARDILAUN'S IRISH HOME.

*Photographs by Chancellor.*



Reading from left to right, the names of those figuring in the group are: Lt.-Col. Sir A. Bigge, G.C.V.O., Private Secretary to Prince of Wales; Major Hon. M. O'Brien, D.S.O., M.V.O., A.D.C.; Mr. Victor Corkran, C.V.O., Comptroller; Capt. Walter Lindsay, M.V.O., Vice-Chamberlain; Major A. F. Lambart, C.V.O., Chamberlain; Mr. Walter Callan, Add. Private Secretary; Col. R. J. Cooper, M.V.O., Private Secretary; Lord Hastings; Lord Lurgan, K.C.V.O., State Steward; Mr. Paget, A.D.C.; Major Deare, A.D.C.; H.R.H. Prince of Wales; Lord Hyde, A.D.C.; Hon. Cyril Ward, M.V.O., A.D.C.; His Ex. Earl Dudley; Hon. G. Ward, A.D.C.; Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary; Capt. Brinton, D.S.O., A.D.C.; Lt.-Col. C. Heseltine, A.D.C.; Sir John Olphert, C.V.O., Gentleman Usher; Hon. Fred. Lawless, Gentleman-in-Waiting; Sir Arthur E. Vicars, Ulster King of Arms; Lord Cole, A.D.C.; Mr. Ernest R. Frere, Financial Secretary; Viscount Castlerosse, C.V.O., Master of the Horse; Sir Bryan Leighton, Bart., A.D.C.

OFFICIAL: THE VICEROY, LORD DUDLEY, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, AND THE LORD LIEUTENANT'S HOUSEHOLD, PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER THE LEVÉE AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

On the occasion of the Levée, the Prince of Wales wore the uniform of the Cameron Highlanders, of which regiment he is Colonel.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*



**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** MR. TREE.  
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Feb. 8, 1905.

Signature.....

## TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

### TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

### TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

### GENERAL NOTICES.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

## THEIR MAJESTIES' COURTS.

MESSRS. BASSANO, Royal Photographers, of 25, Old Bond Street, beg to intimate that their Studios will be kept open until after midnight for the convenience of ladies attending Their Majesties' Courts.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

FEBRUARY 11.

## WEEDING OUT THE NAVY.

## MOTORS FOR THE MILLION AND THE MILLIONAIRE AT OLYMPIA.

## EVANGELISING LONDON: THE TORREY-ALEXANDER MISSION.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

FEBRUARY 11.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THE "GOVERNOR" OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME:  
MR. H. E. MOSS IN HIS UNIFORM AS DEPUTY-  
LIEUTENANT FOR EDINBURGH

Photograph by Langflier.

**D**URING the last week or so, the nation has shown the keenest of sympathy for the King and Queen. Princess Victoria's operation for appendicitis came, even to that section of Society which believes itself to be specially connected with the Court world, as a great surprise. Their Majesties have, of course, the fullest confidence in Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking, under whose skilful care the Royal patient has progressed most satisfactorily.

It is a curious fact that no fewer than three members of our Royal Family, headed by our Sovereign himself, have now undergone the dreaded operation recently suffered by the Princess. Last week's announcement recalled to many people those anxious days of the June of 1902, when our beloved Sovereign lay stricken almost unto death on the very eve of his Coronation. More recently, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein underwent an operation of a similar kind in the Nursing Home founded by her own mother at Windsor. And now their Majesties' second daughter has gone through the same exacting experience.

## The Specialist in Appendicitis.

Sir Frederick Treves, who was, so to say, doubly commanded to perform the operation on Princess Victoria, for he has retired from practice, may, without fear of contradiction, be termed the specialist in appendicitis, a title surely earned by his record of over a thousand consecutive operations in which he has had recourse to the knife without a single death. Yet, appendicitis, under that name, is unknown to him: perityphlitis it is, and perityphlitis he will have it, despite fashion's decree. He is modest enough, also, to argue that genius is not necessarily amongst the qualifications of the ideal surgeon. He is said to diagnose that most elusive of attributes as a species of nervous disease by no means desirable in one to whom complete control of self is an essential. Even cleverness comes under his ban: "'Cleverness' finds its proper field not in the operating-theatre, but at the Egyptian Hall."

The "Governor" of the Hippodrome. Until his association with Mr.

Oswald Stoll, of the Coliseum, and his subsequent withdrawal, two or three short weeks ago, from the joint managing-directorship, with that gentleman, of the London Hippodrome, Mr. H. E. Moss undoubtedly controlled the largest financial undertaking in the amusement world of the country, under the title of "Moss's Empires, Limited." Indeed, even when he shared the direction of affairs of the popular house in Cranbourn Street with Mr. Stoll, it was an open secret that he practically directed its affairs. His popularity with all who come in contact with him has always been very great, and is undoubtedly due to the fact that he has made the doing of business with him an exceedingly pleasant operation. For a similar reason, "the Governor," as he is called at the Hippodrome, is undoubtedly the most popular man within

its walls, and there would have been universal regret had he found it necessary to sever his connection with the enterprise, which still remains a model to be copied.



A PRESENT FROM THE TIBET MISSION FORCE TO THE KING:  
A KYANG, OR WILD ASS, CAUGHT AT LASSA.

After many attempts, the Tibet Mission Force trapped three Kyangs, by surrounding them with mules. One of the captives broke a leg and had to be shot; another was drowned during the crossing of the Sampo on the return march; the third is the one here shown.

Photograph copyright by S. J. Jeanes.

completed his great epic, "War and Peace." The Countess copied out the various versions of it again and again, and finally made all the arrangements connected with its publication. While she is by no means in agreement with many of her husband's views, no man ever had so devoted and loyal a wife, and some years ago she issued a most pathetic and dignified protest against the way in which he was being persecuted by the bureaucracy of Russia.

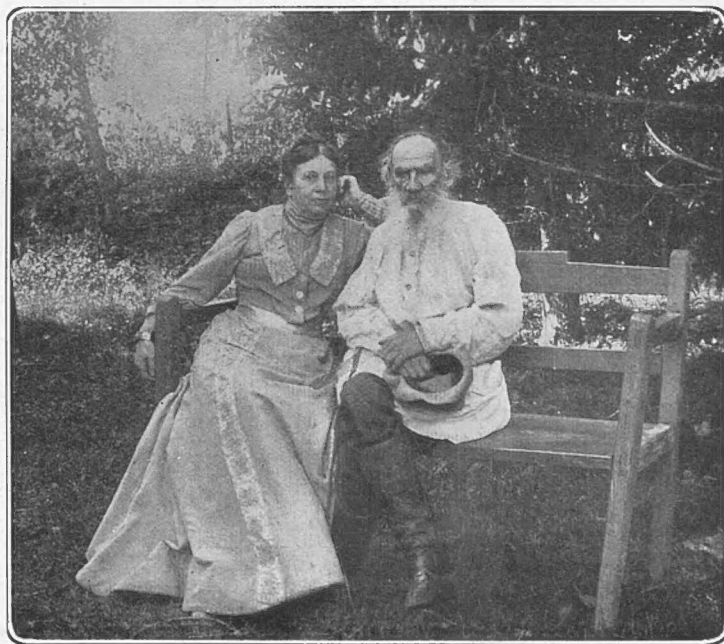
## Countess Tolstoy.

According to those who have had the privilege of knowing Russia's Grand Old Man, Count Tolstoy, and his wife, and of staying in their house, the Countess is quite as remarkable a woman as her husband is a man. Had it not been for her indomitable pluck and energy, Tolstoy would never have



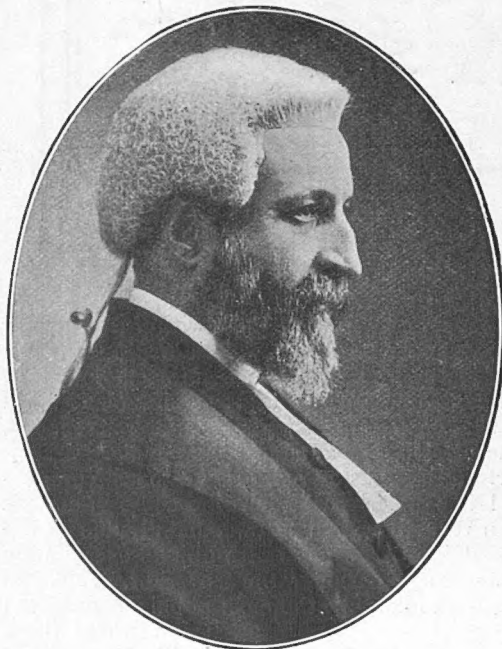
A ROYAL PHOTOGRAPH OF PRINCESS VICTORIA: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GARDENS OF BERNSTORFF CASTLE BY THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.



THE GRAND OLD MAN OF RUSSIA AND HIS WIFE: COUNT TOLSTOY, WITH THE COUNTESS, ON HIS ESTATE, YASNAYA POLIANA, IN THE GOVERNMENT OF TULA.





THE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT:  
SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

Ecclesiastical Courts, he soon proved himself worthy inheritor of the mantle of Sir Charles Butt, and amply justified his selection by Lord Halsbury. The ex-Judge's career, long and useful as it has been, cannot be said to have been sensational, but he figured in at least one historic case—the famous Tichborne affair. For his share in this he had to thank his earliest clients, Baxter, Rose, and Norton, to whom he owed many a brief, who commissioned him to go to Australia to procure evidence on behalf of the Claimant, an order resulting in a lampoon that has long been stored in the memory of many a practitioner of the older generation—

"We'll prove," said Baxter, Rose, and Norton,  
"The plaintiff isn't Arthur Orton."  
They've only proved what's less important,  
That he has said what Arthur oughtn't.

It was Sir Francis, also, to whom fell the duty of committing a Duchess to Holloway when he discovered that she had made away with papers that should have been produced in Court. Curiously enough, his experiences in the Divorce Court are said, on his own showing, to have impressed him with the goodness of human nature.

*Lady Jeune.* "The most brilliant and successful of London hostesses," as a certain Royal personage once

The retirement of Sir Francis Jeune from the Presidency of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division has occasioned less surprise than regret, for Sir Francis, always hard-worked, has, of late years, frequently been compelled to take a rest, and his recent breakdown made it evident that he was not likely to continue for long the arduous duties he had performed so ably. Never, probably, did man better justify appointment to a position to which, it was argued at the time, his qualifications gave him no special claim. Trained chiefly before Parliamentary Committees and in

"the Jeunes" entertained literally all the world and his wife. In Lady Jeune's drawing-room Royal Princesses have rubbed shoulders with Bohemia, and the late Duchess of Teck used to declare that there was no house to which she so greatly enjoyed going. Lady Jeune's mantle has, in a sense, descended to her two daughters, Mrs. St. John Brodrick and Mrs. Allhusen, who, during their girlhood, always helped to do the honours both at her town-house and at Arlington Manor.

From the Cabinet, Mr. Graham Murray has gone to the Scotch Bench. He has accepted the office of Lord President



A FUTURE PEERESS: LADY JEUNE, WIFE OF  
SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.

*Photograph by Beresford.*

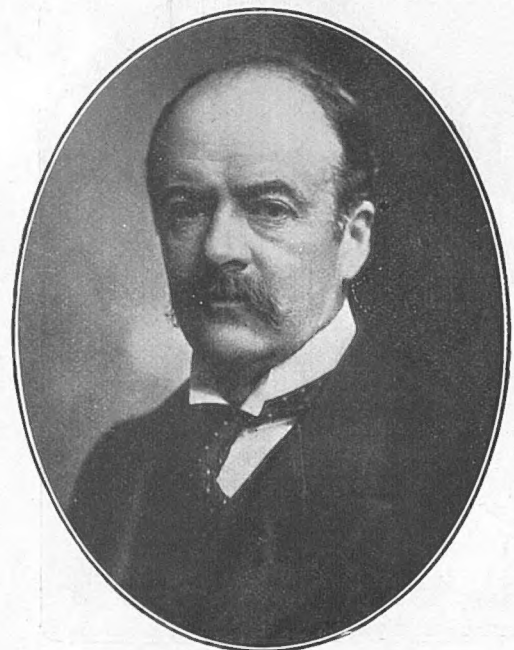
of the Court of Session, which he declined in 1899. Since then his Parliamentary ambition has been gratified, and he has been distinguished among Scottish law officers by his admission to the Cabinet as Secretary for Scotland. London Society will miss Mr. Graham Murray, and probably he will miss London Society, for he enjoyed the Season and was a favourite in the best set. The Prime Minister also will miss him on the Treasury Bench. He was among Mr. Balfour's personal friends, and frequently sat beside him in intimate conversation. Sometimes, perhaps, their talk was of golfing or motoring. Mr. Graham Murray got on well with his fellow-countrymen in the House of Commons, although his criticism was caustic. He had an easy, crisp style of speech, and enlivened Scotch debate by witty sayings and by quaint quotations and parodies.

*Mrs. Graham Murray.*

Mrs. Graham Murray, who will soon take rank with Peeresses, is connected by blood with many of the oldest families North of the Tweed. A daughter of Admiral Sir William Edmonstone, she is a sister of the popular Baronet who is so intimate a friend of the King, and among



NOT A ROMAN GLADIATOR, BUT THE LAMA DOOR-KEEPER OF THE SURA MONASTERY, TIBET.



THE NEW LORD JUSTICE GENERAL AND LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION IN SCOTLAND:  
THE RIGHT HON. A. GRAHAM MURRAY.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

described Lady Jeune, will make a very pleasing addition to Edwardian Peeresses. Born a Mackenzie of Seaforth, Lady Jeune is descended from many a great Scottish hero, and her social triumphs began in the days when she was the Hon. Mrs. Stanley, wife of the present Lord Stanley of Alderley's soldier brother. Early widowed, she lived for a while in retirement, but after her marriage to the brilliant young barrister, then known as Mr. Frank Jeune, she again took her place among the few London hostesses at whose houses may be met all the really notable people of the moment. First in Wimpole Street, and later in Harley Street,

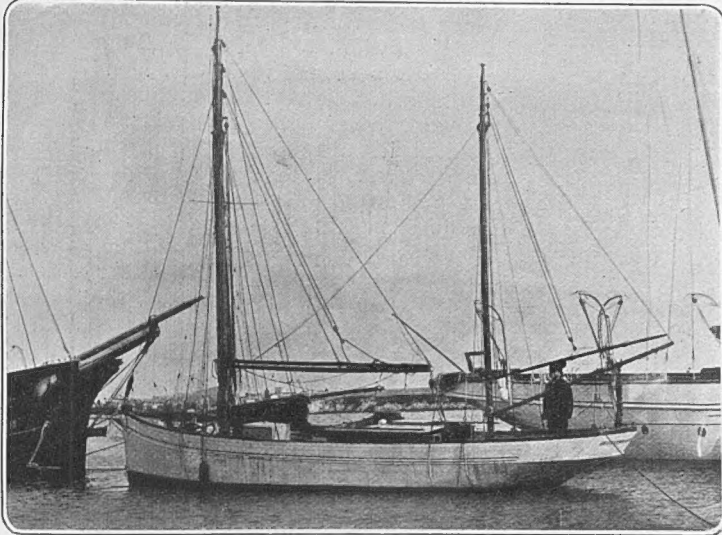
her sisters is the beautiful and witty Mrs. George Keppel. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Murray celebrated their Silver Wedding some six years ago, but they have both kept a great look of youth and vigour, doubtless owing to their love of open-air and country life. Stenton, their delightful place in Perthshire, is finely situated on one of the most exquisite stretches of the River Tay, nearly opposite Murthly Castle. Mrs. Graham Murray is the mother of a son and three daughters. Her new title will, of course, give her higher standing so far as mere questions of precedence are concerned, but it is impossible for it to enhance the great popularity she already enjoys.



A FUTURE PEERESS: MRS. GRAHAM MURRAY,  
WIFE OF MR. A. GRAHAM MURRAY, WHO IS  
TO RECEIVE A PEERAGE.

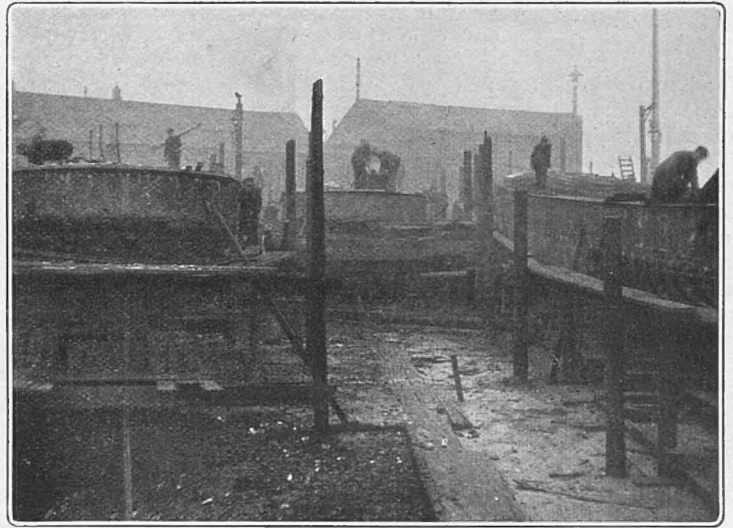
*Photograph by Jacodette.*





TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A 42-FOOT CUTTER: THE "BRIGHTON,"  
NOW ON HER WAY TO WEST AUSTRALIA.

*Photograph by the Topical Press.*



A "PENNY" FLEET IN BEING: THE NEW THAMES STEAMBOATS UNDER  
CONSTRUCTION AT THE THAMES IRONWORK SHIPBUILDING COMPANY'S.

*Photograph by the Topical Press.*

### *An Adventurous Voyage.*

The *Brighton* is figuring in one of those adventurous voyages which seem to be gaining steadily in popularity. Manned by Mr. A. L. Napper, formerly commander of Mr. Vanderbilt's turbine-yacht *Tarantula*, Mr. J. L. Langford, a pearl-diver, and a coloured boy who stowed himself away at St. Vincent, she reached Table Bay recently on her way to West Australia from the famous south-coast watering-place after which she is named. Originally an open centre-board cutter, forty-two feet in length by eleven feet in breadth, she was decked over for the journey, and has stood the beating of wind and wave exceedingly well, coming safely through two gales, and being the subject of an attack by a whale, who was, fortunately, frightened off in time. She completed the ten thousand miles to the Cape in a hundred and five days, and will be employed as one of the pearl-fishing fleet at Broome.

*Lady Fitzwilliam.* The adventurous young Earl Fitzwilliam is very fortunate in his pretty Countess, who shares his tastes for sport and for country life. The mistress of Wentworth Woodhouse is a daughter of Lord and Lady Zetland, and her marriage to the then Lord Milton was the smartest social event of 1896. By the bride's own wish, her wedding was celebrated at St. Paul's, and the function brought there one of the most remarkable social gatherings ever seen east of Temple Bar. Lady Fitzwilliam is a fine amateur actress and a most graceful dancer; many people regard her as very like her aunt, Lady Grosvenor, whose love of literature and music she has always shared.



THE WIFE OF A TREASURE-SEEKING PEER:  
LADY FITZWILLIAM.

*Photograph by Kate Pragnell.*

### *Royal Comings and Goings.*

Their Majesties' plans have, naturally, been modified by Princess Victoria's illness, but there seems no doubt that, after the Princess's recovery, the King and Queen will both go abroad, the Sovereign to the Sunny South, and his Consort to her native land, where, early in April, her venerable father will celebrate his eighty-seventh birthday. Among other Royal personages staying in Cairo is the Empress Eugénie, who hopes to get as far as Khartoum before returning to her villa on the Riviera. This year's Royal débutante, Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, will be present at their Majesties' first Court, next week (17th). Later on, the young Princess and her mother will make a tour in Italy.

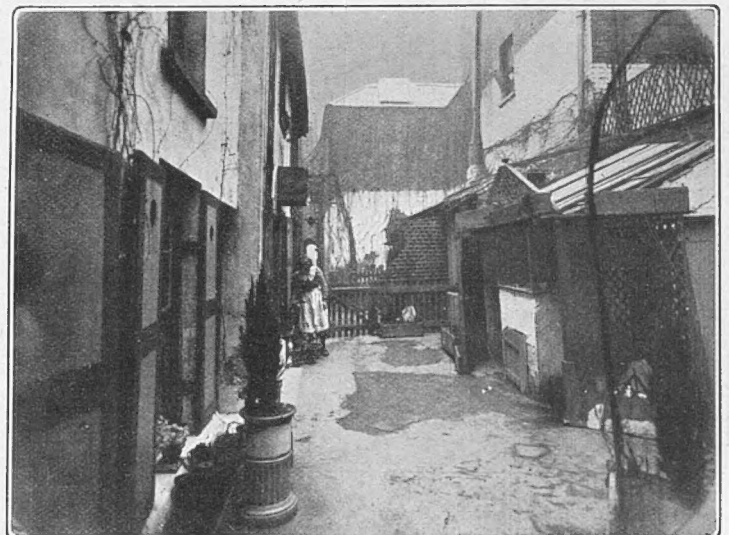
*H.R.H. in Dublin.* Thanks to the Royal visit, the Dublin season opened last week more brilliantly than has been the case for many long years past, and Irishmen of all political opinions gathered in force at the Lord Lieutenant's first Levée. His Royal Highness can look back to an exceptionally full week. Brilliant State functions succeeded one another with bewildering rapidity, perhaps the most charming of the entertainments being Lord and Lady Grenfell's ball at the Royal Hospital. Had it not been for the fact that Lord and Lady Londonderry have been suddenly placed in deep family mourning by the death of Lord Londonderry's brother, the Prince would probably have paid a visit to Mount Stewart; as it is, His Royal Highness returned to England after the conclusion of his sojourn in Dublin, and will spend the next few weeks at Marlborough House.



THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE LION AND UNICORN FEEL THE COLD.

The scheme of the Victoria Memorial has necessitated the provision of a second main gateway, and this, in turn, has called for a second lion and unicorn. These have been carved from huge blocks of Portland stone, and have now been hoisted into position. While they were waiting to be placed they were in the muffled condition here shown, and were the subject of much caustic comment.

*Photograph by the Topical Press.*



THE SOUTHWARK "RIVIERA": WORSDALE COURT, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY.

The Medical Officer of Southwark has summoned the owners of these cottages to show cause why their rustic retreat should not be condemned as dangerous and unfit for human habitation. On being handed a photograph of the Court as it is in summer, the magistrate exclaimed, "Why, it looks like a bit of the Riviera," and adjourned the proceedings until he could inspect the premises in question.

*Photograph by the Advance Agency.*



### A Gifted Trio of Amateurs.

Society is rich in good actors and in brilliant amateur actresses, and of the many players belonging to her few can compare with the gifted trio who will undoubtedly delight Dublin audiences this week. Mrs. Willie James is equally successful in comedy and tragedy, and especially happy in portraying a very young girl—such a one, for example, as provides the title-rôle in "The Manceuvres of Jane." Lady Maud Warrender, one of Lord Shaftesbury's many lovely sisters, is chiefly noted for her exceptional musical talent. She has studied with the best masters, and could have secured a triumph on the operatic stage had it been

### Peeresses Married Out of the Peerage.

In the matter of marriage, Peeresses in their own right have a great advantage over those fair ladies who owe their dignities and privileges to the fact that they are, or have been, the wives of Peers. Thus the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, when she wedded the distinguished politician who now bears her name, lost no jot of her great position, and her bridegroom, reversing the universal practice, gave up his own patronymic in favour of that of the Baroness. Not so the husband of the Countess of Cromartie; he has remained plain Major Blunt, and the same course was followed in two other cases. A Peeress in her own right lacks, therefore, one



MRS. WILLIE JAMES.

[Photo, Alice Hughes.]



MISS MURIEL WILSON.

SOCIETY AMATEUR ACTRESSES, PLAYING IN "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN, ON THE 9TH AND 10TH.



LADY MAUD WARRENDER.

[Photo, Kate Pragnell.]

actually said to have been offered an engagement by one of our leading actor-managers, so struck was he on seeing her play in one of the many charitable entertainments organised in aid of the War Funds. Miss Wilson has that rare, magnetic charm which means so much in the career of a great actress, and she moves when on a mimic or real stage with that complete mastery of herself which, as a rule, differentiates the professional player from the clever amateur.

*Gold from the Sea.* Once again the old, old scheme of extracting gold from the water of the sea has cropped up, and this time with special vigour. A syndicate has been

formed even, and several prominent names have been associated with it. Sir William Ramsay, the famous scientist who recently won the Nobel prize for chemistry, was, at first, said to have expressed his belief that it was possible to obtain gold from sea-water on a large scale and profitably; and he has thought it well to make a statement concerning the matter: "Public reference having been made," he writes, "to a confidential report of mine dealing with the possibility of extracting gold from sea-water, I beg to state that the process is still in an experimental stage. Needless to say, I hold no shares in the syndicate." Meantime, the firm who made the machine for the collection of the precipitated gold after its production by the newly-invented process have been experimenting on their own account, and are satisfied that a ton of water only

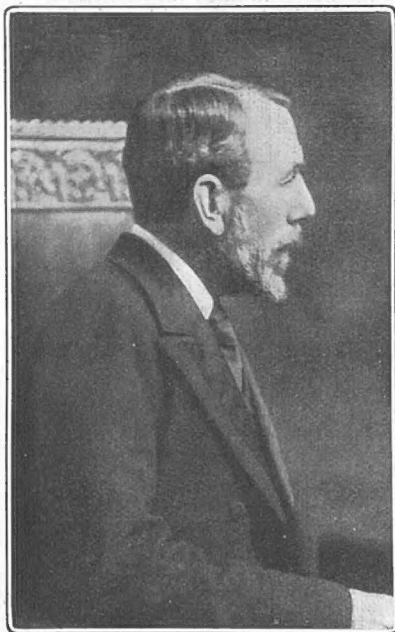
great privilege of her Peers. She cannot raise herself to her own rank, and this certainly seems strange in these liberal days, when, according to many serious thinkers, woman suffrage is only a question of time.

*The Second Choice.* Those Peeresses who have given up the privileges of their position have been and are many, for it is a curious fact that the widows of Peers generally choose commoners as their second husbands. This has been the case with several of the Victorian Duchesses, and with many Countesses and Baronesses. With few exceptions, these ladies have wedded men of action. Thus the Countess of Malmesbury is the wife of Sir John Ardagh, who has done so much good work for his country. Jemima, Lady Darnley (the mother of a little Peeress in her own right), gave up using her title when she wedded the handsome naval officer whose name she has taken in preference to that marking higher social position.

*The New Editor of the "Morning Post."* Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, Mr. Nicol Dunn's successor in the

editorial chair of the *Morning Post*, is, of course, best known to the public at large as a prolific—and expert—writer on military matters, but he is by no means without general journalistic knowledge. For ten years a member of the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, and for the past decade on the staff of the paper of which he now becomes the chief, he has had plenty of experience, and may be expected to keep his charge well in hand. He is a barrister, although it is not recorded that he ever practised; has travelled

in India; was a member of the Duke of Norfolk's Commission on Militia and Volunteers, and a signatory of the Majority Report; and has an almost endless catalogue of articles and books on military affairs to his name. Manchester is his native city, and he is in his fifty-second year.



GOLD FROM THE SEA: SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE SCHEME.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



THE NEW EDITOR OF THE "MORNING POST": MR. SPENSER WILKINSON.

Photograph by Russell.

yields one-thirtieth of a grain of the precious metal. It is evidently going to be more profitable to prospect at Kintail, in the county of Ross, where it is said that there has been an important find of gold-bearing quartz.



"MERCIA" IN A JAPANESE RÔLE.



"THE DARLING OF THE GODS" IN AUSTRALIA: MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS YO-SAN.

*Photograph by Talma and Co., Melbourne and Sydney.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THERE are certain enthusiasms that bid defiance to the passing years, and my feeling for Epping Forest is one of them. Though I live far from its boundaries, there are seasons of the year when I make my pilgrimage to the shrines that are set there—the shrines of the four seasons. Though tiny villas, even as the sands of the shore for multitude, encompass it on all sides, Epping Forest rests secured to the public for ever, and gives to thousands upon thousands of our poorest children their first, and sometimes their last, glimpse of the best things of life. Then, again, consider how the thought of a real forest lying next-door to London stimulates the jaded imagination! It gives colour and interest, and even a touch of romance, to the trams that go down the Mile End Road. For all the dirt and squalor on either side of them, they are going to the edge of a real forest, where nymphs and “summer-sleepy dryads” might live their charmed, secluded lives, if the gods were not banished from our midst. Even Pan could find no more exquisite pleasaunce for his piping within close proximity to the four-mile radius.

But the gods are exiled or dead, and a paternal Government, that would be ashamed to yield to a consideration for mere beauty, proposes to run telephone-poles through Epping Forest. It is a hopeful sign that a deputation of sane and worthy citizens has been received by the Postmaster-General, and has protested against the proposed act of vandalism. If the authorities are allowed to work their will, a trunk-line with thirty wires, destined to serve the eastern counties, will drag its hideous length through the Forest, although the Great Eastern Railway Company can carry the poles and wires quite comfortably along its own iron road, and will be pleased to do so. I don't suggest that this is matter for red flags or barricades; indeed, it is worthy of note that the Postmaster-General did not even require a guard of soldiers when he received the deputation. But the spirit of the law that makes Epping Forest the cherished possession of London's citizens is violated by the designs of the Post Office, and should the intended outrage become an accomplished fact, I shall cease from sending picture-postcards, and persuade my friends to follow my example, to the great diminution of Mr. Postmaster-General's receipts.

## Gooseberries and Diamonds.

In the far-off days when folks were early Victorian and easily contented they asked for nothing more exciting in seasons of slackness than the story of a giant gooseberry or some doughty mariner's tale of the sea-serpent. At certain times of the year these pleasing narratives were circulated, and we congratulated the country gentleman upon his garden's glory and the veracious ship-master upon his providential escape from the locker of Davy Jones. But times have changed, old manners have gone, and the giant gooseberry yields pride of place to the giant diamond. When I read the account of the huge and useless gem that has been discovered in a Transvaal mine, my only feeling was one of

regret that Nature herself has surrendered to the vulgarity of the age. The gooseberry sufficed. It was opulent and succulent, enjoyed its little hour of praise and its master's letter to the *Times*, and then passed to its appointed home. But what can the world do with a three-thousand-carat diamond? Even the wife of an opulent Chicago pork-packer might blush to wear it, and, if it is correctly valued, the interest upon its purchase-price would represent three-quarters of a million per annum.

## Gold and Sea-Water.

Certain morning papers have been announcing the possibility of securing gold from sea-water, and the acquisition of foreshore by capitalists who wish to make money out of Neptune's realm without the risk of going down to the sea in ships. The prospect is not one that pleases. It points to the upheaval of many modern conventions, and will make the struggle for the Empire of the seas keener than ever. Moreover, if there is gold in sea-water, and it can be extracted at moderate cost, the

once-precious metal will soon be a drug in the market. I fear the days to come, when the seashore of this country will be divided out among capitalists and syndicates, and the children will be forbidden to paddle or bathe lest they disturb the gold in the water, and all the lonely parts of the ocean will be dotted with floating buoys marked “Private: Trespassers Beware.” It is obvious that, however vast the water-area of this planet, it will not suffice if there is gold in it. Certain countries that are largely land-locked—Germany and Russia, for example—will be forced to desperate action to get control of the

element that hides the precious metal, unless some scientist arises to prove that the best supply of gold belongs to sunrise and sunset, and starts a syndicate, to control them.

## Morocco's Sultan.

Mulai Abd-el-Aziz IV., by grace of Allah ruler of Morocco's destinies, is young but smart. France has sent to his capital her Ambassador, M. St. René de Taillandier, diplomat *au bout des ongles*, to persuade the young ruler to admit France to his most intimate councils. “The Exalted Presence” has replied by summoning the rulers of all the tribes to his Palace, to ask them, in all courtesy, if they would like to see Morocco handed over to the Nazarene. The answer is by way of being a foregone conclusion, but the French Minister must wait for it. I am reminded of the unfortunate Mission to the same city undertaken, when Lord Salisbury was Consul, by Sir Charles Euan Smith. He was offered huge bribes, which he treated with amused contempt; he was threatened with a popular rising, but remained quite unmoved. And yet, in the end, he returned to England baffled and beaten; the *vis inertiae* of the Moorish Government was too strong for him. Will M. de Taillandier do any better? And will Abd-el-Aziz fulfil his threat of appealing to Germany? These questions are small ones enough just now, but they have in them more than enough material to dwarf the sensations of to-day.



THE GODS UP-TO-DATE: “A HIT, BY JOVE!”

DRAWN BY WILLIAM HEATH ROBINSON.



A LONDON FAVOURITE PLAYING IN THE PROVINCES.

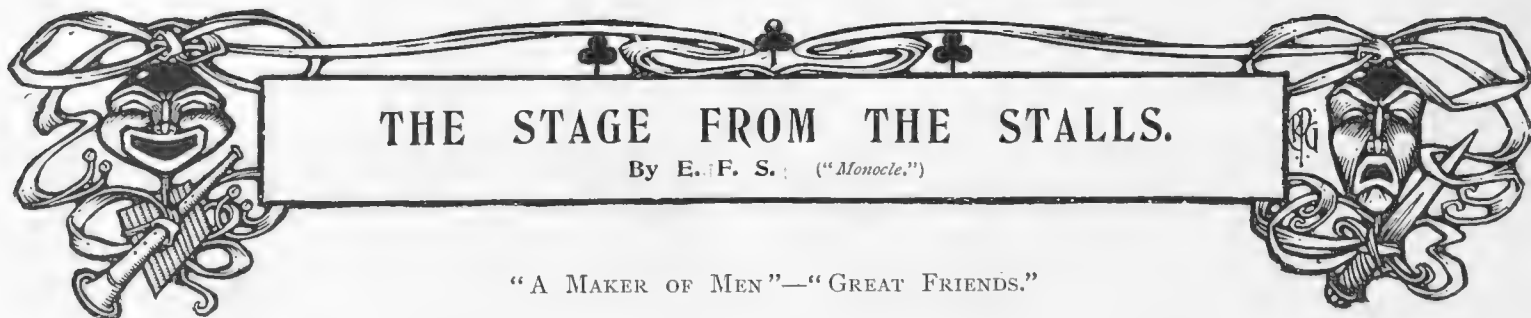


MISS BILLIE BURKE, WHO IS PLAYING THE PRINCESS IN "ALADDIN,"

AT THE SHAKESPEARE, LIVERPOOL.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery.*





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"A MAKER OF MEN"—"GREAT FRIENDS."

PERHAPS I went to the St. James's insufficiently prepared for "A Maker of Men." The Frankenstein title gave no warning as to the character of Mr. Sutro's comedietta; otherwise, I should have dipped into two or three of Michelet's works, had a glance at Zola's "Fécondité," refreshed myself with "The Angel in the House" and Ruskin's remarks about it in "Sesame and Lilies," to say nothing of the host of other works known by everybody—except, it appears, the modern Public Schoolboy, who, I presume, calls himself Public Schoolman. So I was not quite apt for the noble sentiments of the play, with which, of course, I heartily agree. Still, being unattuned, I had a lurking suspicion that there was a rather excessive *bourgeois* flavour in the piece, using the term in relation to matrimony

as I believe it was originally employed; and after the first half, during which we were agreeably excited as to whether the bank-manager would or would not get the rise in salary that was to make the difference between grinding poverty and decent comfort for his wife and children, the piece seemed rather too much of an undramatic sermon. I have an intimate reason for knowing that there exists at least one woman quite as good as the bank-manager's wife, but I do not believe that such good women can turn on admirably rounded-off rhetoric at a moment's notice, and, if they could, they would be tactful enough to

not carried too far. They were ingeniously individualised and finely contrasted. The chief person, Sydney Baldwin, although Mr. Dawson Milward acted the part very ably, was the least convincing, and this because the actor was not suited to the part, which demanded, above all, the suggestion of amiable irresponsibility that would form a fairly acceptable excuse for the selfish conduct of Sydney Baldwin, a very skilfully drawn study of a selfish, fatuous, clever fellow, weak for either good or evil. It is difficult to imagine him, as presented by Mr. Milward, falling a victim to the passionless philandering of a Lady Raffin, a creature drawn and played superbly. Such a person as her Ladyship has never been put upon the stage so perfectly. She is a woman weary of a husband obviously uninteresting, almost repulsive, and, naturally, she longs for amusement and pleasure from the society of other men, which she is willing to win by any means short of one. She will flirt to the top, but has no intention of sacrificing for passion's sake her position as wife of a rich man with a title. So she issues a number of obligations payable at the Bank of Love or Passion, and dishonours them. She is one of the creatures whom women dislike and distrust by instinct and reason—soft-voiced, caressing in manner, gifted with a power of appearing frank, but venomous in speech, malignant, and deceitful. She is drawn clearly, sharply, strongly, and Miss Gertrude Kingston absolutely realised her.

Several other characters were very amusing and in the vein of pure comedy. For instance, Charlie Pontemarx, Baldwin's future brother-in-law, a ne'er-do-weel, hardly vicious, of good family, who also was one of Lady Raffin's victims, proved to be intensely diverting when acting under the fatuous delusion that she preferred him to Baldwin and was bored by the politician; whilst his visit to Hampshire to call Baldwin to account for neglecting Grace, the charming girl who, in the end, triumphed over Lady Raffin, produced a thoroughly entertaining scene. Mr. G. M. Graham played the part very ably. Grace is a rather less successful character. Miss Grimston was clever in her manner of presenting the simple, honest, unsophisticated girl, without succeeding in making her seem very interesting. Miss Helen Rous was altogether admirable in her presentation of Lady Caroline Pontemarx, the rather domineering mother of Grace, always defeated in her struggles with Lady Raffin; whilst Mr. Herbert Grimwood, as her downtrodden husband, gave a perfect little character-study. Also I should mention Mr. Vernon Steel, who acted in excellent style, with an agreeably quiet sense of humour, as Grace's unsuccessful suitor. The characters of two men-servants were well enough played by Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn and Mr. Williams, but the parts made the play drag a little and were on a rather lower standard than the others.

To sum up, Mr. Street shows that he has all the qualities for a writer of comedy—a very fertile wit and the power of making his cleverest lines seem natural, a power of character-drawing and a sense of the stage. He has been a little rash in choosing so slight a subject, and the result was that in the last Act the play stood still for some minutes—a little compression would almost cure this, but not quite, for he has also made the mistake of leaving the audience for a time uncertain as to the issue of the play.



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS, PLAYING MISS TREE'S PART AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by the Rembrandt Studio.

refrain. Nevertheless, at a time when the bad habit of giving "variety turns" as *levers-de-rideau* is spreading, one welcomes the *lever-de-rideau*, quite nicely written, that Mr. George Alexander has produced, and also the fact that it is excellently acted. Mr. Graham Browne has for some time been recognised as a *jeune premier* of very considerable value, and he played admirably as the bank-manager. Miss Edyth Olive's triumphs—real, solid triumphs—have been won in classic drama: as heroine of "A Maker of Men" she shows herself at home in modern dress, and by her beautiful performance should win true recognition of her remarkable gifts.

It may not be quite certain that Mr. G. S. Street has taken the stage by storm, and I have even read that "Great Friends," the latest production of the Incorporated Stage Society, is anemic, that the characters are "phantoms," and the work is boring, except during the utterance of some witticisms which would read better than they sound on the stage. "Phantoms" is a new term, used presumably for word-puppets, or marionettes, or clockwork figures, and the like, which we have been accustomed to employ when suggesting that the *dramatis personæ* of a play are not lifelike. It may be that there is a subtlety in the term, since the word suggests that the parties were once alive. To me, such criticism seems quite unjust. There is a weak spot in "Great Friends," which assertion hardly anyone will deny, and the characters are not very beefy or full-blooded, and their behaviour suggests the drifting more consonant with real life than the cut-and-dried conduct of the commonplace play; but the work is a true comedy of modern social life which interested and vastly amused the audience when I was present.

Moreover, it appeared to me that the house took the view I share, that the persons of the drama were really drawn from life in a quite masterly way, and that the elaborate analysis of character was



THE "HERO" OF HIS MAJESTY'S: MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS, WHO IS ACTING IN MR. TREE'S PRODUCTION OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.

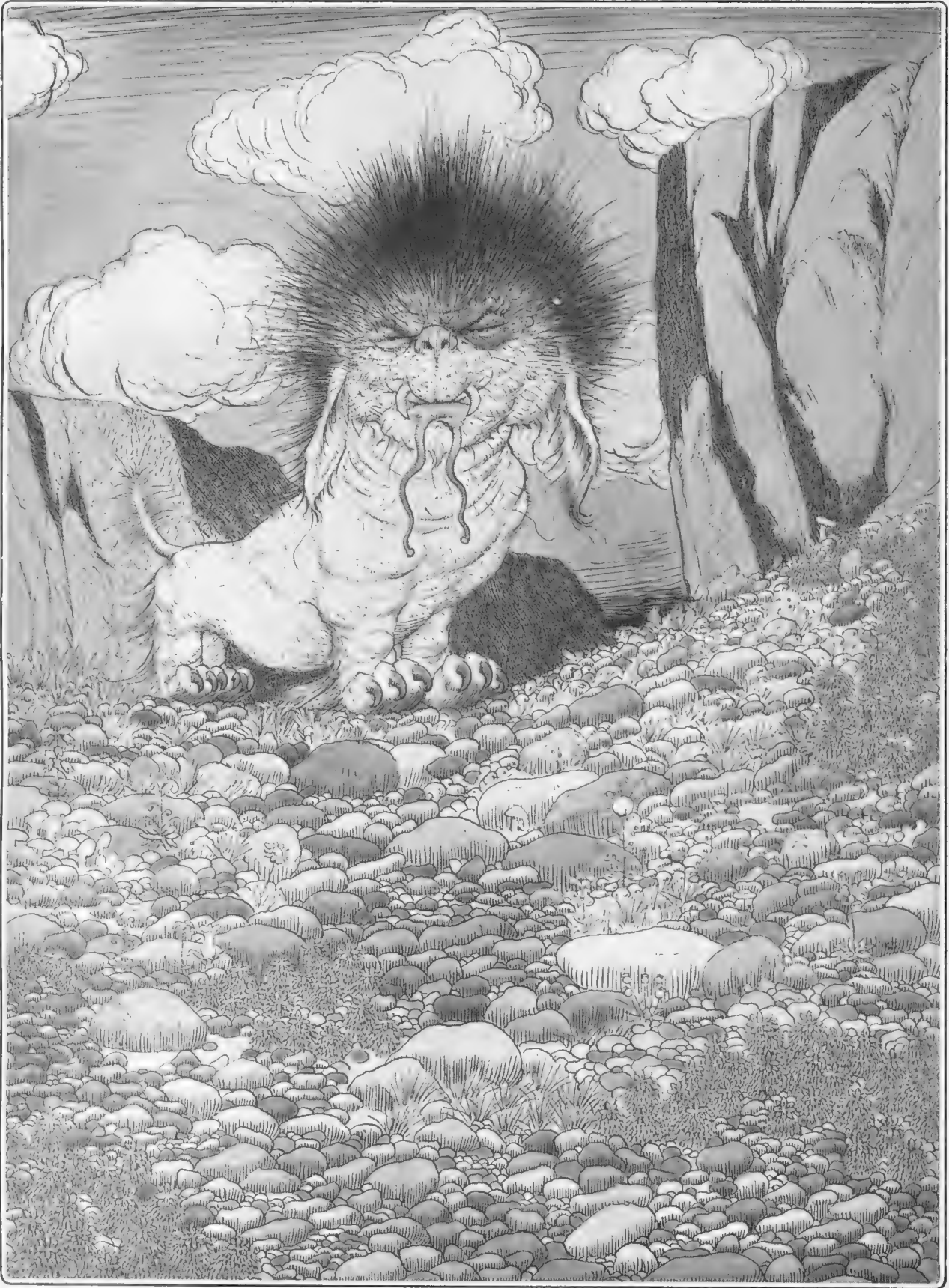


IV.—THE GLEE-SINGERS.

"SHALL WE ROUSE THE NIGHT-OWL IN A CATCH?"—"TWELFTH NIGHT," Act II., Scene 3.



## THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—III.



The Pop-Eared Bloog.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.



*Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.*



XI.

"HOMES.—WANTED, SOMEONE TO ADOPT A STRONG, HEALTHY BOY, AGED SIX YEARS."

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," AT THE NEW THEATRE.



Sir Percy Blakeney (Mr Fred Terry) and Lady Blakeney (Miss Julia Neilson) in Act 3  
"I never could bear to see a pretty woman weep"



Sir Percy Blakeney in disguise



Sir Percy Blakeney and the Vicomte de Tournai (M<sup>r</sup> Leon M. Lion) in Act 2  
"This is the latest custom from France"



Lady Blakeney and Sir Andrew Ffoulkes



Lady Blakeney



Lady Blakeney and Sir Andrew Ffoulkes



The Captain of the guard (M<sup>r</sup> Hermann Griffiths)



Lady Blakeney, Sir Percy Blakeney, the Prince of Wales (M<sup>r</sup> Rudge Harding) and the Comtesse de Tournai (M<sup>rs</sup> Walter Edwin) in Act. 2



Hébert, a soldier of the revolution. (M<sup>r</sup> Walter Edwin)

CHARACTERS FROM "ORCZY-BARSTOW'S" PLAY.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.



"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," AT THE NEW THEATRE.



STUDIES OF MISS JULIA NEILSON AS LADY BLAKENEY.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery.*

"PITY THE UNEMPLOYED!"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



WITH APOLOGIES TO THE REAL UNEMPLOYED.



"THE LADY OF LEEDS," AT WYNDHAM'S.



MISS NANCY PRICE,  
WHO IS PLAYING EUPHEMIA CHITTY IN CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL'S NEW FARCICAL ROMANCE.

*Four photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann; centre photograph by Lizzie Caswell Smith.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

SO much has been written about Matthew Arnold that it might well be supposed impossible to say anything that is fresh on that charming personality. But in the current number of the *Quarterly* the President of Magdalen has written to purpose. He says that, in spite of all the books and writings about Arnold, we have no true or full biography and are still left in darkness on the main problems of his history. Mr. Herbert Warren is of opinion that the best book so far written is that of Mr. G. W. E. Russell in the "Literary Lives" series. He says that Mr. Russell has the best conception of the variety, range, and relation of Matthew Arnold's interests, and the fullest sympathy with them. But he holds that, while the tradition of the living man is still itself alive, a biography should be written with due reticence and reserve, but should be sufficiently definite. The difficulty is that Arnold himself forbade a biography, and his executors have carried out his wishes even to the point of fanaticism, for his letters were so severely edited that they lost pith and flavour. Mr. Warren thinks, perhaps rightly, that Arnold considered his life a failure, and, therefore, did not wish it told. When he compared himself with his old friends and contemporaries risen to be Judges, Cabinet Ministers, and Archbishops, it was difficult for him not to do so. His life was a hard life; he was assuredly Pegasus in harness. He did not love his profession. It was well-nigh a positive purgatory, though, perhaps, he managed it badly and was not sufficiently economical of time and strength.

As things stand, there are mysteries in Arnold's life. Why did he publish his first poems anonymously, and why did he recall them almost as soon as they appeared? His first book contained what is, perhaps, after all, the very best of his work. As a youth, he was handsome, athletic, elegant, fashionable, an exquisite in dress. Mr. Warren does not refer to the penetrating portrait of him that was drawn by Charlotte Brontë. His early poems, as Mr. Warren rightly remarks, are full of passion. Who were Marguerite and Olivia?

The mists are on the mountain\* hung,  
And Marguerite I shall see no more.

We cannot tell. His gleam of worldly success was his appointment to the Professorship of Poetry in Oxford. Arnold's characteristic ideas sprang from the period of storm and stress, 1840 to 1850. He never struck the note of Imperialism. The Colonies to him are but children of the Philistines, and an offspring more hopeless than their parents. Arnold never appreciated the real importance of natural science. He never knew the significance of "The Origin of Species." His best poems are those pervaded by the quality of poetic sentiment. So far as he contributed to the ideas of his countrymen, it was as a writer of prose rather than a poet.

Was he a prophet? Not quite. He had a message for his times. But, as William Watson has said—

Somewhat of worldling mingled still  
With bard and sage.

He could not dispense with his white gloves, his pouncet-box. He never went very deep, though his intuitions were those of genius. As a poet, Mr. Warren ranks him with Collins. "A defective ear, an uncertain choice and mastery of metre, yet often a lovely, unsought, unaffected music, always a tender elegiac passion, a pure drawing and colouring of Nature, a philosophic and scholarly aroma blended with exquisite delicacy of sentiment—these are characteristic of both." This is well said, and yet I think the familiar comparison with Gray is far truer. There was very little that Matthew Arnold shared with the Collins of the last sad days at Chichester, in those fits of melancholy madness and in that deep dejection which Johnson has chronicled.

I am very glad to note that "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," the Roumanian folk-songs translated by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell, has been published complete in one volume by Harper Brothers. They are, perhaps, the most remarkable contribution to poetry published for years, and Miss Alma Strettell's gift as a translator is nothing short of genius.

We are to have a volume of Letters and Essays by the late Canon Ainger, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, and also a memorial volume, which will be issued by Messrs. Constable and will contain many letters.

Miss Edith Sichel, in the *Quarterly*, does justice, and perhaps more than justice, to Mr. Ainger. She records some of his *bon mots*. On one occasion, at a dinner-party, he spilt some wine upon the table. "You would never have expected me to show this disrespect for the cloth," he at once apologetically exclaimed to his hostess. Miss Sichel does not mention that, when one

of his colleagues published a book of Reminiscences, Ainger said, "It should have been called 'Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree.'" These are not dazzling examples of wit, but they are characteristic enough. Miss Sichel is able to print some of Ainger's verses and notes from his lectures, but she does not mention his early papers in *Macmillan*, where he began, under a pseudonym, the business of authorship. She tells us that Ainger considered his best piece of work was his biographical introduction to Hood. Ainger's claims as an editor of Charles Lamb have hardly survived the severe scrutiny of recent years.

The "Life, Letters, and Literary Remains" of J. H. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant," run into two volumes and will be one of the first published biographical works of 1905. They will be edited by his wife.

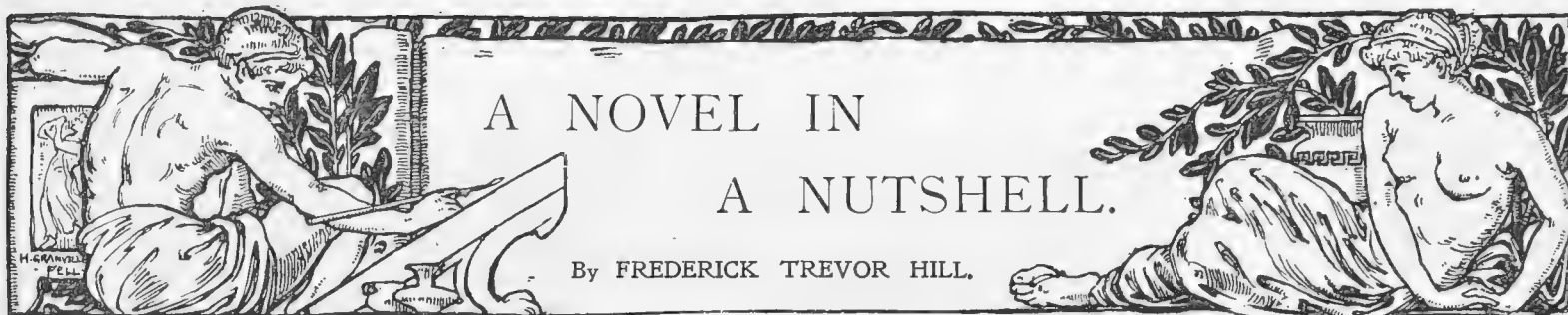
O. O.



"Called for the Poor Rate, have you? What is the Poor Rate, may I ask?"  
"It's for the benefit of people without means, Sir."  
"Ah, then, you mean you've called with it, not for it!"

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.





## THE SHIELD OF PRIVILEGE.

THE fellow never deceived me for an instant. I state this at the outset, because Benson and his clique in the Club corner have carried the matter beyond the limits of a joke. I have as nice a sense of humour as anyone, but I do not propose to be made a laughing-stock simply because Benson chooses to say I was duped. That version of the story may be funny, even in Benson's mouth, but it does not happen to be true. I was prejudiced against MacLeod from the moment I laid eyes on him, and I am no mean judge of character.

In the first place, I did not like the way he entered my private room. He followed the office-boy too closely. Neither did I like his personal appearance. I particularly disliked the squint with which he watched me and his mouth at the same time. This was especially distressing as the part of his mouth under observation seemed to retreat before his divided glance until it hid around the corner, setting his whole face askew. Moreover, the very way he closed the door behind the office-boy was suspicious, and I did not in the least credit his avowed susceptibility to draughts. In fact, his every look and movement would have put a far less keen observer than I upon his guard.

He placed a chair close beside me—confidentially close—and for some seconds regarded me with his uncomfortably slanting squint.

"D'yer know who I am?" he asked, at length, speaking through closed teeth.

I shook my head.

"I'm Buttsy MacLeod," he whispered, confidentially, and shoved his chair back, the better to observe my astonishment.

I exhibited no surprise, however. I was not even interested. The name conveyed nothing to my mind, and I said so.

MacLeod's right eye swooped down upon the corner of his mouth, which literally flew into his cheek, giving him an expression of mingled anger and contempt.

"D'yer mean ter say yer never 'eard of me?" he asked, bobbing his neck threateningly from side to side.

I shook my head again. He dipped a hand into the breast-pocket of his overcoat and jerked out a bulging pocket-book, from which he extracted a bunch of newspaper-cuttings pinned together with a brass fastener.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he slapped the clippings down upon my desk.

"Well?" I queried, indifferently. "What are those things?"

"Me notices," he answered, with a touch of pride.

I stared at the man with increasing interest. I have always prided myself upon the accuracy with which I can determine a man's business from his face, and the possibility of a mistake nettled me.

"You are an actor?" I inquired, incredulously.

"An actor! Naw!"

The answer was a snarl of disgust, and, without further questioning, I removed my spectacles, cleaned them, and picked up the bunch of Press-clippings. The first words I read restored my self-confidence. The fellow was a burglar.

I glanced at MacLeod over my spectacles. He was watching me with a disgustingly self-satisfied smile. I made no comment, however, and resumed my perusal of the clippings.

Buttsy MacLeod, it appeared, was one of the best cracksmen in the business, and a "gun" frequently wanted by the Metropolitan Police. His powers were proclaimed by the number of unsolved "affairs" with which his name was connected. I read of a bank robbery, a house-breaking job, a diamond disappearance, and half-a-dozen other mysteries, each account of which closed with a statement from the police that they believed Buttsy MacLeod was at the bottom of the matter, or that suspicion pointed to Buttsy MacLeod, or that the thing had the clean-cut look of a Buttsy MacLeod job. It appeared, however, that Buttsy was more often suspected than detected. Most of the clippings included a brief biography of Buttsy, and more than one illustrated its story with a more or less fanciful portrait of the gentleman encircled by a chain of burglar's tools and handcuffs, or otherwise appropriately framed. Every time I came upon one of these flattering portraits, I glanced at the supposed original, who favoured me with profile or full-face, as the occasion suggested, his expression invariably denoting conscious pride and self-satisfaction. Buttsy was the most inordinately conceited man I had ever encountered.

I finished my perusal of the clippings, folded them up, and handed the bunch to MacLeod without comment.

"Pretty good, ain't they?" he asked, expectantly.

"Pretty bad, I should say," I retorted.

"Bad!" he exclaimed, almost peevishly. Then he paused and smiled faintly. "I see," he continued; "you're kiddin' me. Bad 'cause they're so good, eh? Well, I'm Buttsy MacLeod all right. That's me." He tapped the bunch of papers as he replaced it in the pocket-book.

When taking the measure of a man, I usually look him straight in the eyes. My wife says I have a remarkably penetrating gaze, and it is perfectly true that when our cook was suspected of irregularities in the kitchen she broke down completely under my intense scrutiny, and confessed without a question. MacLeod's squint, however, was most unpleasant, and I could not watch it long without feeling my own eyes at odds and my face askew. I therefore removed my spectacles and kept wiping them as I questioned him.

"What is your business with me, Buttsy?" I began.

I have always understood that noted criminals like to be addressed by their nicknames, but MacLeod did not seem over-pleased with my familiarity.

"Law business, of course, Mister Peterson," he answered, emphasising the title. "I wanten retain yer."

"To retain me?" I repeated. "I don't take criminal cases."

"You'll take this one. There's something I ain't showed yer yet," he replied, coolly producing a revolver from his pocket.

The moment his hand left the weapon mine covered it and I had it levelled at his head.

"Tain't loaded," he observed, calmly, as he continued delving in his pocket. "Wot d'yer t'ink I am?"

I could see that the exposed chambers of the revolver were empty, but I lowered the weapon cautiously.

"Yer quite a game-cock, ain't yer?" he remarked. "That's wot I wants—a fightin' lawyer who ain't afraid. Look at that now."

He spread out before me a full page of the Sunday Supplement of some newspaper, giving a detailed account of Buttsy's more or less chequered career, illustrated by numerous portraits of himself, sketches of the houses he had robbed, and photographs of the lawyers who had defended him. All this was headed—

## "FAMOUS ADVISERS OF AN INFAMOUS INDIVIDUAL."

"I am not a criminal lawyer," I repeated, indifferently, as I pushed the paper aside with the muzzle of the revolver.

"I know it; that's why I come to yer. The criminal sharks is no good. I wants brains."

I glanced at my would-be client with some surprise. He certainly displayed unusual intelligence for a man of his class. His conclusion that the Civil Bar—the more remunerative side of the profession—contained the ablest men was quite logical. Of course, very few practitioners in the Civil Courts have had any experience before the criminal tribunals. But experience is a poor substitute for native ability, and MacLeod had apparently weighed the Criminal Bar and found it wanting in the latter quality. My particular field of practice—the examination of patents—had not, of course, given me much opportunity for Court work of any kind. In fact, I had never tried a jury case, but I have always believed that my faculty for character-reading would distinguish me in the active branches of the profession, and more than once I have thought of testing my prowess in this regard. MacLeod's case seemed to present an unusually favourable opportunity for this. He was apparently a notorious character, and his trial, if Court proceedings should ensue, would doubtless attract considerable attention. I had no desire to act as the office-adviser to any criminal, great or small; but I did long to match myself, man against man, and brain against brain, in a legal contest of note, believing that in the rapid give-and-take of criminal practice I should not find myself at a loss. I was not alone in this opinion, for my wife has often remarked upon the rapidity and keenness of my questions, which frequently anticipate her thoughts, and in a mock trial at our country home, not long ago, everyone told me I was surprisingly forceful. MacLeod was unquestionably a criminal, but he was entitled to all proper protection, and, since he had not received this at the hands of the criminal lawyers, he was justified in seeking it in the higher ranks of the Bar. The situation appealed to my sense of professional duty, and I decided to accept Buttsy's retainer.

My insight into the man's character, however, warned me to give no advice until I made sure of my fee, and I hinted as much to MacLeod. He replied by producing a fifty-dollar bill and laying it on my desk.

"I want a receipt," he muttered.

I pocketed the bill, and asked him to explain his case as I wrote the required acknowledgment. He did not speak, however, until he had fastened the receipt to his Press-clippings. Then he glanced at me slyly.

"Wot I tell youse is just as confidential as though yer was a regular lawyer, ain't it?" he began, suspiciously.

"I don't know what you mean by a 'regular lawyer,'" I answered, stiffly; "but, of course, the communications of a client to his counsel are absolutely sacred throughout the profession."

"Sacred?" he repeated, with a crafty look. "Yer mean yer darsent give up wot I tells yer withouten my leave, don't yer?"

"That's one way of putting it," I assented, with dignity.

"Ain't that th' law?" he persisted.

"It is," I agreed. "Proceed with your story, MacLeod."

"Supposin'," he continued, disregarding my instructions, "supposin' I was pinched with the goods on me, and the owner didn't—didn't recognise 'em, or didn't claim 'em, anyhow, could they put me through?"

"It might be very difficult to prove larceny without such testimony," I replied. "I don't want to answer hypothetical questions, however. Get to your story, and I will advise you accordingly."

"All right," he replied, shifting in his seat and hitching his chair a trifle nearer me. "This all comes of tryin' country work. I hadn't oughter left the city, and I don't again after I shake this. You live in the country, don't yer?" he asked, with an eye on a local time-table lying on my desk.

"In the summer," I replied. "Not now. Go on."

"Well, yer knows country ways, don't yer?" he asked, a little anxiously.

The term was somewhat vague, but I replied that I resided nearly six months of the year at my country place, and could, I thought, claim familiarity with rural habits.

Buttsy seemed relieved.

"It figures out this way," he began again. "Me side-partner in this deal picked off a bunch of houses, shut up for the winter, that were full er loose things. He gave out that there weren't no risk and we could work 'em on off-nights. So I up with him and cracks the first he'd marked down right enough. But, while we was sortin' th' loose in the grey, along comes some galoots to do repairs, and we had to vamoose with only about half of the best. That was bad enough; but I was tryin' on a coat when me side-partner give me the word, and I left me own coat, with two letters in the side-pocket. That give a hint to them country 'trailers'; but, still, it took 'em six hours to put the Chief on, and here we are."

"You mean there's a city warrant out for your arrest?" I asked, following his recital with some difficulty.

"I don't know nothin' about warrants," he answered, impatiently, "but they's after me. 'Hutch' Mallon piped that in me ear down to Hogan's, where a couple of 'plain-clothes' was nosin' around. They'll get some chicken-liver to squeal me whereabouts before night."

The case sounded rather desperate, but I was not certain that I fully understood it.

"Let us get at this thing systematically," I began, cheerfully. "These—er—these affairs mentioned in the papers—do the police want you for them?"

"Naw. They can't prove nothin' there, and they knows it. I brushes up when I leaves. That's what makes 'em so dead sore on me. In the city I never gives 'em a smell, and it'll be nuts to them to soak me on this hayseed job. They won't do a thing now but lamm me in the neck for every time I've fooled 'em up—"

"Let us consider the details of this particular case *seriatim*," I interrupted. "When did this—er—this transaction take place?"

"To-day."

"Indeed? At what hour?"

"We cracked about four and we skipped about seven."

"Where was the house located?" I continued, picking up a pencil to note his answers.

"At Walsboro'."

I dropped my pencil.

"Walsboro'!" I exclaimed. "Why, I live in Walsboro' myself in the summer! Whereabouts was the house?"

"Yer can search me," he answered. "It was about three rotten backs back from the railway."

This was exceedingly embarrassing. All my friends lived in the direction indicated, and probably someone I knew was the victim. Still, business was business, and my first duty was to my client. Perhaps my knowledge of the locality and its residents might stand me in good stead before the case was finished.

"Was it a brick house with a shingle roof?" I asked, describing Emmosmith's house.

"Shingle roof, yes," he replied—a trifle disgustedly, I thought.

The answer confirmed my worst fears. One of my best friends was the victim. Still, the identification was not complete. There were several shingle-roofed brick houses in the vicinity.

"Did it have a greenhouse at the side?" I asked.

"Naw."

I gave a sigh of relief. It was not Emmosmith's house, and anything was better than that. Indeed, there were people in Walsboro' whose misfortune would cost me no tears. Balderson, for instance; if, by a happy chance, MacLeod had selected that pompous ass for a visitation!

"Was the house well furnished?" I asked.

"Naw! Nothin' but plated stuff, except weddin'-present odd lots marked an inch deep. Made me sick!" he muttered.

This clearly pointed to Balderson, and I smiled at the description, but determined to make sure.

"Did the house set back from the road?"

"Yep."

"Did it have a clematis-vine over the front-door?"

"Yep."

"Was there a big hall-clock on the stairs?"

"Yep."

By Jove, it was Balderson's house! I could scarcely conceal my delight, but I managed to maintain a judicial exterior.

"I understand that you—er—retained some of the property?" I suggested.

"Aw, we pinched a few, but they was boardin'-house truck. Eisenblume laughed a tooth out when I asked 'him a couple of hundred on my lot."

I could not help chuckling outright at this appraisal of Balderson's chattels. But I was still in the dark as to Buttsy's defence, which had become doubly important to me since Balderson would be the complainant. I was now almost more interested in defeating Balderson than I was in clearing MacLeod, and I determined to leave no stone unturned.

"What room did you first enter?" I began, briskly, picking up my pencil.

"'Tweren't a room. 'Twas the staircase."

"The staircase?"

"The landin'."

"Ah!"

I drew a sheet of paper toward me and began to map out a rough diagram.

"It is most important to ascertain," I observed, "whether any of the workmen who surprised you actually saw you in the house. Of course, anyone might have had your letters in his coat. It is unfortunate that you left those, but the evidence they supply is, at best, circumstantial. We must be prepared, however, to meet proof that the workmen saw you in the house. Perhaps we can demonstrate by a diagram that this was impossible. Now, this is a plan of the ground-floor of Balderson's—of the house, I mean."

MacLeod took up the diagram and examined it critically.

"This here's wrong," he remarked, with a dirty finger on my drawing.

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"The big room's on the other side."

"I don't think so," I answered. "Anyway, it will serve to illustrate the situation. Now, when the workmen entered—"

"This part's wrong too," interrupted Buttsy. "'The stairs ain't in the middle of the hall: They're 'way off here."

"You're mistaken," I replied, impatiently; "but—"

"Well, I know 'taint so," he asserted, impudently.

"Don't contradict me, MacLeod," I answered, severely. "I've been in the house dozens of times, and I know."

"Don't care if you've lived in it!" he retorted, hotly. "I ain't been in it only once, but I guess I know my business. Bet yer fifty I can go it from cellar to roof. Here—"

"Nonsense, MacLeod!" I interrupted, with some annoyance. "I've no time for trifling—"

"Nonsense!" he burst out, angrily. "Here's fifty to cover that! Write it down! Write it down now! I'll nonsense you! First-floor: square hall—library to right, dining-room to left—stairs 'longside library—three broad steps and a turn; then—"

"Hold on!" I interposed, apprehensively.

"Hold on nothin'!" he continued, aggressively. "No sneakin' bets now. Seven steps to first landin'—hall-clock in hole in wall, with grey chiny vase standin'—"

"A grey china vase!" I exclaimed, in dismay.

"Yes, a grey chiny vase!" he repeated, mockingly. "Picked me up for a greenhorn, eh? Well, I ain't! Second-floor: small, square hall, with panel picture of Venus walkin' in th' wood—"

"Stop!" I gasped.

"Wanter squeal 'cause I ain't called the woman right? Well, you shave closer next time yer tackle a first-rater for an amateur! Passage-way to right openin' on two sleepers and a bath," he gabbled along, conceitedly; "two more sleepers, big closet, bath-room, and door on left leadin' to rear hall, three sleepers, and attic staircase—two turns in stairs to attic—slidin' skylight to left; shingle roof, painted red."

"Red!" I shouted, grasping at a straw. "This house hadn't a red roof!"

"Aw; look at me pants," he retorted, disgustedly.

"That's my house!" I roared.

MacLeod's right eye held me fascinated while his left viciously chased his mouth.

"Tell me somethin' I don't know!" he muttered. "Wot d'yer t'ink I hired yer for?"

I didn't have to defend MacLeod in Court, because the police failed to obtain proper identification of the articles he pawned and because other proof was lacking. My reasons for undertaking his case, however, were exactly as I have stated, and when Benson says I was gulled from first to last he simply lies. Buttsy MacLeod's character was an open book to me from the moment we met, incomprehensible as this may be to a man of Benson's calibre.

THE END.



FROM THE LAND OF THE AZTEC.



BEAUTIES OF MEXICO.

## PEERESSES MARRIED OUT OF THE PEERAGE.



THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE,  
WIFE OF MAJOR EDWARD WALTER BLUNT.  
*Photograph by Langfier.*



SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY,  
WIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN CHARLES ARDAGH.  
*Photograph by Russell.*



JEMIMA, COUNTESS OF DARNLEY,  
WIFE OF CAPTAIN A. C. LEVESON, R.N., AND HER DAUGHTER. BARONESS CLIFTON.  
*Photograph by Speaight.*



OLIVIA, COUNTESS CAIRNS,  
WIFE OF MR. ROGER CYRIL HANS SLOANE STANLEY, AND HER DAUGHTERS.  
*Photograph by Speaight.*





VISCOUNTESS PARKER,  
WIFE OF CAPTAIN L. W. MATTHEWS.  
*Photograph by Langfier.*

CONSTANCE, COUNTESS DE LA WARR,  
WIFE OF THE REV. PAUL WILLIAMS WYATT.  
*Photograph by Russell.*

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS;  
WIFE OF MR. WILLIAM LEHMAN ASHMEAD BURDETT-COUTTS.  
*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

CORA, COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD,  
WIFE OF MR. MARLY THOMAS KENNARD.  
*Photograph by Lafayette.*

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

### "OLD GORGON GRAHAM."

THE American language may not always be the most elegant of literary vehicles, but it is the only possible medium for the wisdom of John Graham, of the Stock Yards, Chicago, a latter-day Solomon, whose first book of Proverbs, "The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son," by George Horace Lorimer, has now been continued under the title of "Old Gorgon Graham" (Methuen). The new book is less blatant than its forerunner. Pierrepont has now been at work for some time in the ancestral pork-packing business, and the first letter is in reply to one he had written to his father suggesting that, as the old man was laid up for repairs, the time had come for his son to relieve him of some of the burden of active management. The old man comes to the point at once—

I don't propose to break any quick-promotion records with you just because you happened to be born into a job with the house. . . . Out of business hours I like you better than anyone at the office, but in them there are about twenty men ahead of you in my affections. The way for you to get first place is by racing fair and square, and not by using your old daddy as a spring-board from which to jump over their heads.

In order that Pierrepont may nurse no fond illusions, old John continues—

I might as well add that when I retire it will be to the cemetery. And I should advise you to anchor me there with a pretty heavy monument, because it wouldn't take more than two such statements of manufacturing cost as I've just received from your department to bring me back from the graveyard to the Stock Yards on the jump.

The second letter informs Pierrepont that he is to manage the lard department—

until I get back; but beyond that I can't see. Four weeks doesn't give you much time to prove that you are the best man in the shop for the place, but it gives you enough to prove that you ain't.

But the parental advice is not all on the factory. There are general rules for men of the world. While at Carlsbad, Mr. Graham had a call from Pierrepont's old college-friend, Clarence, who came armed with a letter of introduction from young Hopeful. Clarence, to quote the Gorgon's phrase, "blew in from Monte Carlo, where he had been spending a few days in the interests of science." The youth was in distress—

Said he couldn't understand just how it happened, because he had figured it all out by logarithms and trigonometry and differential calculus, and a lot of other high-priced studies that he'd taken away from Harvard. Was so sure that he could have proved his theory right if he'd only had a little more money that it hardly seemed worth while to tell him that the only thing he could really prove with his system was old Professor Darwin's theory that men and monkeys began life in the same cage. . . . I'll bet the Professor got that idea while he was talking with some of his students.

Of course, the inevitable happened. Mr. Graham foresaw, naturally, what Clarence was after, but he made no offer, and forced the young man to beg. The excellent elder lent the

money, but wrote to the cashier to knock it off poor Pierrepont's salary. He hoped it would be repaid, but advised his son to "save book-keeping by charging it off to experience. These quick, glad borrowers are slow, sad payers." In this hard school the son evidently thrived, for we hear of him later as having given the stern parent fair

satisfaction in the lard department, and the next letter from the head of the firm to the cashier on Pierrepont's account ordered a salary of a hundred dollars a week. Old Graham believed in paying good men well, just as firmly as he believed in "firing" the incompetent. The announcement of the rise in salary contains a hint of Pierrepont's approaching marriage, and gives Mr. Graham senior a text for a disquisition on the delicate diplomacy necessary to securing happiness in that perilous state. The honeymoon must be "rounded off with a business talk," in which the lady must be told the worst at once about the butcher, the baker, the milkman, and the gas-meter. At first he would recommend that housekeeping money be brought home in cash—

Explain that it's all you've got for sweating like a dog for ten hours a day, through six long days, and that the cashier handed it out with an expression as if you were robbing the cash-drawer of an orphan asylum. . . . It's mighty seldom that a woman's extravagant unless she or her husband pays the bills by cheque. There's something in the actual legal tender that keeps a woman from really wanting a lot of things that she thinks she wants.

Here follows a touching anecdote telling how Pierrepont's mother, reared in affluence, with eighteen niggers to keep the family idle, went bankrupt in her first month of house-keeping. Her iron husband, refusing to be melted by tears, made her believe she was in the grasp of the law, but said that he could persuade the Court to appoint him receiver, and so hush up the scandal with the neighbours. For the next four weeks the villain kept the books himself and handled the cash until things came right again. Then he revealed his deception, but his wife never quite forgave him. He did not deserve it. The Gorgon, however, could be humane and kindly, for all his business instincts, and the letters reflect his quiet pride in Pierrepont's steady success. The youth marries and receives

more advice, including a lecture on the handling of his mother-in-law, whom the old man found at the wedding "crying into her third plate of ice-cream." He did not display quite his usual skill in trying

to comfort her. But he can enjoy a laugh against himself, as in the story of the clerk who rebuked him and lived. One morning, things were rosy, and he bade this clerk get a new suit at his expense. In the afternoon the letters were worrying and he abused the same official, who said nothing till the end, and then quietly asked, "Mr. Graham, don't you want those clothes back?" The Head took the rebuke and added an overcoat to his original gift. His humanity triumphs in the last letter, where he has heard of the arrival of Graham the third, and at once sketches out a plan, with an illuminating foot-note on trusts, for the infant's education as partner one day in the firm.



CRYING INTO HER THIRD PLATE OF ICE-CREAM.



"SAY, MR. GRAHAM, DON'T YOU WANT THAT SUIT OF CLOTHES BACK?"

Drawings reproduced from "Old Gorgon Graham" by permission of Messrs. Methuen.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHAT, under the circumstances, must be regarded as the very marked success which attended the revival of "Charley's Aunt" at the Comedy Theatre is practically responsible for Mr. Frank Curzon's decision to follow it with this evening's revival of "Our Flat." Should the farce prove acceptable to the taste of the

new generation of playgoers which has arisen since it was originally done at the Strand, it will be the precursor of a series of reproductions which will, to all intents and purposes, make the Comedy, if not another home of Répertoire, yet a house of Revivals. Mr. Willie Edouin will be seen in his old part, and his chief associates, who are well known to London audiences, will be Miss Pollie Emery and Miss Nora Lancaster, the other characters being allotted to players who have been associated with the farce in the provinces.

While "Our Flat" is being played, a special matinée will be given of Mr. Edouin's farce, "On the Rank," in which he plays the part of a cabman who assumes several disguises. Although it has never been acted in London, Mr. Edouin has played the part both in the provinces and in South Africa, and, if it succeeds at the trial matinée, a place will be subsequently found for it in the evening bill. Meantime, Mr. Edouin's place in "Sergeant Brue" is being filled by Mr. Arthur Laceby, his under-

study, who has been acting the part of the Magistrate in the merry entertainment at the Strand which bids fair to emulate the run of other successful musical comedies.

Slaughter, will satirise many of the extravagancies of modern Society, and Mr. J. C. Piddock will appear in it. Miss Decima Moore will succeed her "Irish Girl, the Colleen," with "The Hielan' Fishwife," which will introduce many popular Scotch airs, with additional music by Mr. Walter Slaughter and lyrics by Mr. Roland Carse.

Machnow, of the London Hippodrome, the newest of the army of giants who have figured on the stage, in the booth, or in the circus-ring, is nearly ten feet high, and weighs three hundred and sixty pounds. The ring on the forefinger of his right hand scales approximately half-a-pound; his boots cost eight guineas a pair, and his frock-coat contains sufficient material to clothe five men of average size. His collar is as small as the rest of his clothing is large, and would easily fit a man four feet in height.

Miss Maud Jeffries, who, after starring through the provinces as the heroine of "The Eternal City" in one of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Companies, went to Australia to play that part, has more recently been, and is, touring through that country as Yo-San, in "The Darling of the Gods." All being well, she will return to London in July next.

It is curious to reflect that, seeing that during his long rule at the Lyceum, both as leading actor under the Bateman management and as sole lessee of what he made the first English-speaking theatre in the world, Sir Henry Irving was the representative Shaksperian actor of England, he never appeared professionally at Stratford-on-Avon. This condition of things is now about to be remedied, for he has accepted the invitation of the Stratford Memorial Committee and Mr. F. R. Benson, who is this year directing the Birthday Celebration, as he has directed so many others, to appear as Shylock during this year's Celebration.

Miss Viola Tree, who has recovered from her illness and has for the last week been recuperating at Brighton, will, in all probability, make her appearance at His Majesty's Theatre during the present week. The natural result of her illness has been that the rehearsals of "Agatha," in which she is to play the leading part, have had to be postponed, and the performance, instead of being on the 23rd inst., as previously arranged, will not take place this month at all, but will be given on the afternoon of March 7.

Meantime, Mr. Tree will have another performance, if not to direct entirely, yet to occupy his attention, for the first matinée to be given in public by the students of his Dramatic Academy has been fixed for the afternoon of the 28th inst., at His Majesty's Theatre. On that special occasion, the prices of admission will be lowered.



A FAIR EQUESTRIENNE: MISS TINA CLEMENTS, RECENTLY APPEARING AT THE COLISEUM.

Photograph by Bassano.



AN ODDLY-NAMED GIANT AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: MACHNOW, "THE MODERN GULLIVER."

From a Photograph.

Sensation at the rate of £300 a minute. That is the rate at which the new Port Arthur scene at the Coliseum works out. Although there is a book, no spoken word is, as a matter of fact, to be introduced into the scene, though it is accompanied all the time by singing, or by music which Mr. Walter Slaughter has specially composed. Without unduly stretching the point, the production, which is in the able hands of Mr. Marshall Moore, who has had the benefit of the experience of Mr. Fred Villiers, the famous War Artist who has been representing the *Illustrated London News* with General Nogi's forces, might be called an operatic sensation. It will depict not only the land-attack—cavalry, infantry, and artillery being represented on the stage—but also battleships in action, a most realistic representation of the sea and of the movement of the great vessels on it being obtained by the use of the revolving stages, moving in opposite directions.

The great success of the "song scenes" at the Coliseum has decided the management to introduce two more, which will be produced next Monday. One of these, called "Miss Extravaganza," written by Mr. Arthur Anderson and composed by Mr. Walter

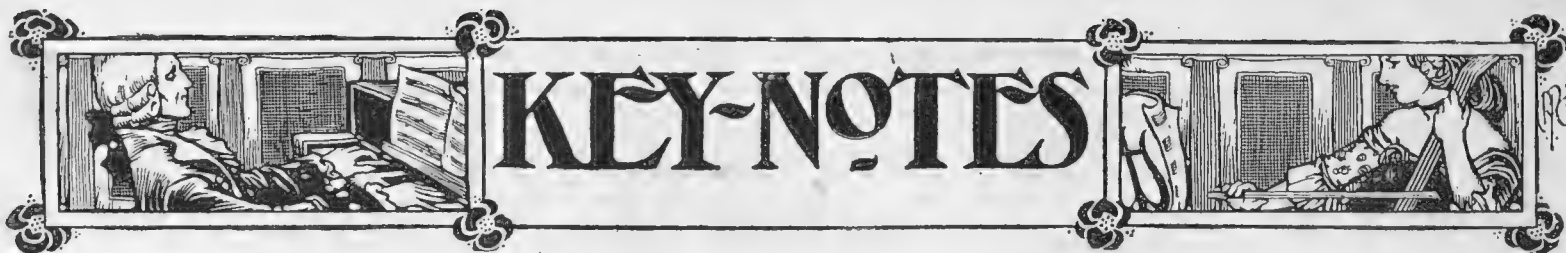
Mr. George Grossmith junior.



Miss Pauline Chase.

COCO APES HUMANITY AT THE WALSLINGHAM, AND IS ENTERTAINED AT LUNCHEON.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



**H**ECTOR BERLIOZ is, in this country, at the present moment scarcely a name to conjure with. There probably never was a musician whose reputation has grown so slowly as has his. Everybody seems to be definitely certain that Berlioz was a great man, yet, at the same time, very few know anything about any musical work that he has produced. Critics of extreme views at one time declared that Berlioz outstripped every composer in the race for artistic success. The late Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, who united to his other gifts a genuine feeling for what was right and significant in music, always protested that Berlioz was one of the Patriarchs of that art who had produced so many children of fame, while he himself was left out in the cold. Berlioz himself felt that position intensely, and in his composition he well knew that there was no chance for him to enter into the halls of fame in his own lifetime.

We rather imagine that it will take some time, even at the present moment, before Berlioz is sufficiently recognised in accordance with his own claims upon art. "The Childhood of Christ" is a very wonderful composition, and yet it is scarcely a work appealing to the generality of mankind. It was produced at the Albert Hall, under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, by the Royal Choral Society a few days ago, the soloists of which occasion were Madame Sobrino, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, Mr. Dan Price, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Frederick Ranalow. This is only another proof of Sir Frederick Bridge's determination that nothing shall pass him by which might add to the repute and the fame of the Royal Choral Society. Whether Berlioz would have been altogether pleased with such an exaggerated performance is scarcely a matter that should occupy the time of the critic. The life of Hector Berlioz may be reckoned among the sad lives of such artists as Mozart, Purcell, Shelley, and many other great and talented men whose extinction still remains a tragedy in the annals of time. In a word, Berlioz lived half his life in journalism, relinquished that half with almost an outrageous note of joy, and completed his life, remembering the sadness born of the fact that his creative feeling had made his journalistic work a burden. The performance at the Albert Hall was exceedingly good, and there was a subtle humour about the whole production which recalled to one's mind how easy it is for a man to abuse a general sentiment of music, and yet to fall into a trap made by himself: for in that blessed word "Amen," in this work, Berlioz is so serious that he almost makes one forget that, once upon a time, in his "Damnation de Faust," his Fugue upon the same word was destined to become one of the chief jokes in musical history.

The London Symphony Orchestra is a very enterprising institution. Its concerts have been conducted by various well-known Musicians, and the fourth of these entertainments was, within the past week, conducted by Sir Villiers Stanford. The works included in the programme belonged distinctly to what has been called the Academic order of musical things. Sir Hubert Parry, admirable musician and

admirable critic as he is, was represented by his "Symphonic Variations," musical inspirations which we always regard with a certain amount of humour, because here the composer is so often inclined to release himself from the original task which was self-imposed. Sir Villiers Stanford does not happen to possess any particular genius for conducting, a matter for considerable regret, seeing that the fact of his being a musician very often entails his engagement in this capacity. As a matter of fact, Stanford's gifts lie entirely apart from musical gesture and musical assertiveness. He once wrote an opera which everybody acknowledges to be something of a masterpiece—we speak, of course, of "Shamus O'Brien." On another occasion, he wrote a grand opera which is to be described as nothing but an Academic

failure. But, at the same time, his conducting lacks ingenuity, and, despite great improvement during recent years, he still needs the training of his instincts in bringing instruments from one point to another point, in uniting his forces so completely that one may say, as one does say at the end of some great feat accomplished by Weingartner or Henry Wood, that it is impossible to

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MARGUERITE.

separate the orchestra into sections and to compliment the flutes while one condemns the violins.

The Æolian Hall is rapidly making its way towards popular favour, and the third of the Monday Subscription Concerts given there was distinguished by the appearance of Miss Gertrude Peppercorn and Herr Hugo Becker. Miss Peppercorn is a very vigorous and very assertive player; she has a powerful technique, and she is obviously gifted with that sort of musical emotion which leads in interpretation to musical excitement. The chief defect of her good quality, however, lies in her virility, and also in her determination to make a little too much of her vital thoughts. It was a pity, therefore, that she chose to play on this occasion many works by Chopin. Chopin needs, of course, an essentially delicate treatment. He was a Pole, and he inherited from that extraordinary nation all its weakness and half of its strength; thus, when he came to write Nocturnes and dream-like Fantasias he gave utterance exactly to the spirit and the thought that lingered in

his temperament, in his real and most definite sense of nationality. But there were times when he rose in rebellion and tried to hammer out something in the great order of things, something that might rouse the spirit and the determination, the boldness and the fighting power, of those who surrounded him. Thus it was that he came to be known, in epigrammatic phrase, as the musician partly of neuralgic Duchesses and partly of the weak-kneed soldier. Herr Hugo Becker, on this particular occasion, took part in Beethoven's Sonata in A (for Pianoforte and 'Cello), and used his instrument with almost ideal effect. There is no doubt about the fact that Herr Becker is a very great 'cellist. His interpretation of two movements from a little work by Boccherini would alone suffice to prove the fact. In truth, solo-cello playing is not a very sympathetic art, and the place of the instrument is so obviously in the orchestra that one almost forgets to consider it as a thing by itself. But this particular player reminds you, even as Berlioz reminded us many years ago, that every instrument has its own genius, its own power, and its own sentiment.

COMMON CHORD.



Mlle. van Parys.

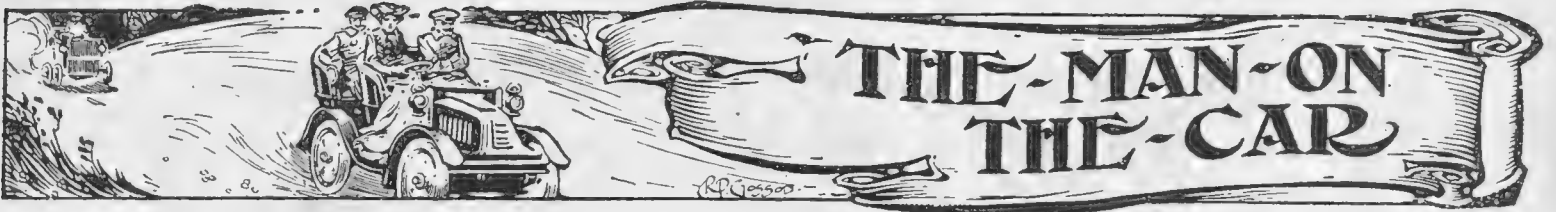
M. Ansaldo. M. Rey.

FAUST'S LAST GLIMPSE OF MARGUERITE.

GRAND OPERA ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE: THE LYCEUM OPERATIC COMPANY IN THE PRISON SCENE OF "FAUST."

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.





*The All-British Automobile Across the Atlantic—Ninety-six Miles an Hour—The Show at Olympia—Forthcoming Dust-Trials—Another Proposal for a Motor Racing-Track in this Country—The Delhi-Bombay Trials.*

THE English-built, the all-British automobile is making itself felt on the other side of the Atlantic. The faith pinned by Napier to the six-cylinder motor, which was so scoffed at and scorned by the "Little Englanders" amongst the automobile public, trade and pastime, has been triumphantly vindicated. I have already chronicled the cutting of the world's five-mile record by Arthur Macdonald on the six-cylinder Napier at Daytona Beach, but, since

surfaces of our roads, but I am more than convinced that much, very much, can be effected by giving special attention to the lines and height of the car, and particularly to the formation and curves given to the metal aprons now placed so frequently below the crank-chamber and gear-box to protect them from mud and dust. The maker who will give apron-formation his close attention will achieve unexpected results.

One motor-track is no sooner suggested than, like the Duke in "Olivette," someone bobs up serenely with a suggestion for another. We have already seen one ambitious proposal, which hovered about a site not a hundred miles from Purley, on the Brighton Road, die a natural death, although it had the countenance, patronage, or whatever it is the Club extends to such ventures, for a consideration. Last week the *Autocar* discussed a motor racing-path to be constructed in connection with an Exhibition scheme of that Prince of Entertainment Planners, Mr. Imre Kiralfy, and now I am told of one that is much in contemplation at Skegness or Clacton-on-Sea. The latest proposal concerns the construction of a motor racing-track, with a broad straight four miles in length, with returning loops at each end of half-a-mile in radius, which would mean, roughly, a course of seven miles in length. A pretty costly job if it is to be carried out in a proper manner. I really don't believe we shall ever see a special motor-track built in this country, owing to the enormous outlay necessary and the doubt as to where the return is to come from. We must be content with the Madeira Road, Brighton, or Blackpool Front.

So far as can be gathered from the reports to hand from disinterested persons, the Delhi-Bombay Trials appear to have been something more than a frost. Doubtless, we shall have the truth, and the whole truth, sooner or later, but it would appear that the Trials themselves were run practically in the interests of a firm of agents and the automobile they most affect. If that is so—and it seems to be near the truth—then it is a more than scandalous thing that manufacturers should go to the huge expense of sending out cars to take part in Trials in India in which, from the first, they never had, nor were intended to have, the ghost of a chance of obtaining marks or awards, no matter what their performances. It is more than a little instructive to read the *Times of India* on the subject, and strong comment is the mildest term which can be applied to the following: "It may be positively asserted that no decision ever did or ever will cause more



THE CONTEST FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP: THE SOUVENIR PRESENTED, WITH THE CHALLENGE TROPHY, TO THE WINNING DRIVERS.

Photograph by M. Branger.

writing, news has arrived that he and the car illustrated in *The Sketch* of Jan. 25 have not only put on a new mile-record, disposing of the distance and speed record held hitherto by the Gobrin-Brillie of 100 horse-power, but have won the twenty miles race for the Thomas Cup and also the Miller Ten Miles Trophy, in which event the twain set up a new record for that distance, namely, 6 min. 15 sec., from a standing start, or equal to 37.5 sec. for each mile, including the first, a rate of progress equal to ninety-six miles per hour. Mr. Macdonald was knocked out of the Vanderbilt One Hundred Miles Race by the failure of a back tyre of his car. Hard lines!

On Friday next, 10th inst., the great Automobile Exhibition will open at Olympia, West Kensington. If not in arrangement and environment, at least in varied interest this Show will excel any ever held in this or any other country. Everything and anything of importance that was exposed under the roof of the Grand Palais in the Champs-Élysées last December will be found under the uglier but huger sweep of Olympia's vast span, and much more beside. I almost fear that the Exhibition will prove so large and so monotonous in arrangement that all but the most enthusiastic visitors will sicken and tire before they are half through. Viewed by the light of the plan, the gangways between the stands are too narrow for good appearance, but that may not prove to be the case when everything is in position. I note that some inspired soul has suggested that Richmond Park will be available as a demonstrating ground for contemplative customers, but this genius has spoken without thought of the ten-miles limit and the bevy of gold-braided keepers that are certain to be out there that week to see that it is not infringed.

The Automobile Club intend, I hear, to take dust-trials up in real earnest in a very short time. Permission has, I believe, been obtained to carry out trials on a quiet stretch of road on Wimbledon Common, on to which the Club officials will place the dust they will kick up. So there will be no waiting for dusty weather, but as long as there is no wet the trials can go ahead. It is good to learn that the real thing is to be used this time, and not the sweepings of flour-mill floors, which were far and away too light and slighty to represent average dust, although they failed altogether to produce such a cloud as is given off by a good old Kentish chalk-road after the passage of a fast car. Many hold that the only hope for dust-reduction is in the amelioration of the



THE NEWEST THING IN TRI-CARS: "THE REXETTE"—"KING OF LITTLE CARS."

This car, examples of which will be shown at Olympia, costs £105, and is claimed to be speedy, reliable, silent, and an excellent hill-climber. It is made by the Rex Motor Manufacturing Company, of Coventry.

astonishment than the awarding of the Gaekwar's Cup to a car which lost fifty-eight marks *en route*, in the face of the fact that the 12 horse-power Darracq and the 6 horse-power Wolseley (staunch little car) came through without the loss of a single mark." Light, more light, is wanted here.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Acceptances—Grand National—Other Items—Doubles—"Exes."*

THE Spring Handicaps have yielded wonderfully well in the matter of contents, and it speaks volumes for our handicappers, all of whom have done their work well. Of the fifty-one entries for the Lincoln Handicap only ten have gone out, the most important, by-the-bye, being Romer, who is owned by Mr. Joe Davis, of Hurst Park fame. I fancy Romer had too much weight, and it may be that he is, after all, an autumn horse. The Lincoln ought not to take much winning this year. Of the Newmarket horses left in, it seems to me that Joe Cannon holds the key to the situation with his pair, Csardas and Salute. The last-named, who is now owned by Lord Cholmondeley, is thrown in; while Csardas, for a Royal Hunt Cup winner, is very leniently treated. However, the sweet little cherub is bound to come to the aid of Mr. Ord, and we had better await developments before pronouncing for anything in this race. I think, in a season like this, the older horses are very likely to do better at Lincoln than the younger ones, and Ypsilanti would most certainly get a place were he fit and well on the day.

It is simply astounding to find fifty-eight of the sixty-four entries left in the Grand National, seeing that only nine finished in the race last year. However, owners of useful steeplechasers will run their horses on the off-chance when the prizes are tempting. The weights this year have been compiled by Messrs. Topham, who, by-the-bye, run the show. Tips for the race are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, but in this particular race you want to take them with a fall barred. I shall, at this early stage of the proceedings, declare right out for Ambush II., who will, I think, carry the colours of His Majesty the King once more to victory. The horse is very well handicapped on his best form. He is a plodder and a good jumper, and I am told he slipped when he came down at the last fence in 1904. Of the other horses engaged, Kirkland is very well in, and Robin Hood IV. is quite likely to get a place, for which, by-the-bye, Detail is certain to be well supported by the public who believe in horses for courses.

For the City and Suburban, eight of the fifty-five entries have gone out, and I was disappointed to find Delaunay among the "outs." True, 9 st. 2 lb. was a stiff weight for a four-year-old, but not, in my opinion, too much for an animal at one time tried to be better than Pretty Polly. The "City" will be a capital race. I fancy St. Amant will run well over this, his favourite course, while Blackwell has a big chance of winning this race with either Pharisee or Housewife. I have many times said the Great Metropolitan was the prettiest race to watch of any. There should be a good field this year,

and it would not surprise me in the least to see the race won by Mr. Ben Ellam, who lives near the course. He has Pitch Battle engaged in the race, and the horse should be well suited by the circuitous course. The Duke of Portland's Caro has a big paper chance. Of forty-six entries for the Jubilee, thirty-nine remain in the race, and, if past records go for anything, Ypsilanti ought to give Delaunay eight pounds, although the latter will have come on a bit by May, while the aged gelding will not improve with age. Romer is not badly treated in this race.



THE EX-MASTER OF THE QUORN HOUNDS:  
CAPTAIN J. BURNS-HARTOPP.

Captain Burns-Hartopp, who has retired from the Mastership of the Quorn after seven seasons in office, is to receive suitable acknowledgment of his valuable services to the Hunt. Already, a movement is being made by Leicestershire hunting people to present him with a testimonial.

*Photograph by Russell.*

The Continental List men are not very liberal in the prices paid over double events, and I think in nineteen cases out of twenty speculators would do better by backing the two horses of their choice separately on the day. The present cramped prices over the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National are caused through the agents of the foreign firms having snapped up all the long shots available in the London Clubs for hedging purposes, and the few layers with long-price books open soon find their volumes filled up. But after the owner's commissions come to be thrown into the market the aspect of the whole business is changed, with the result that many horses come up in the prices current, while others go out. Readers will remember my telling them in this column how Uninsured was backed in South Africa last year by someone to win several thousands, and the cable is very likely to be set to work again this year, as the South African books on the English races are big ones.

I sympathise to a certain extent with the Earl of Carnarvon in his efforts to get the expenses of the owners cut down, and I always have contended that all our race-course managers should supply free stabling and free fodder for horses running at their meetings, also free sleeping accommodation for the lads. I cannot, however, shut my eyes to the fact that many gambling owners often send horses to a meeting and then do not run them, which causes no end of inconvenience to the paying public. I should like to see owners fined fifty pounds for every horse sent to a meeting and not run, unless the permission of the Stewards was first obtained to keep the animal in his stable. Race-meetings should be run like theatres. If the "stars" are once billed, those "stars" should be compelled to appear. Owners of horses must not forget that they owe a lot to the people who pay one pound per day for admission to the rings at our race-meetings. Without the gate-money, very few meetings would be able

to exist, and the stakes run for would be of much smaller value than they are at present. When a horse has been given through the columns of the Press as an arrival, his owner should be compelled to run him *pro bono publico*, if for no one else.

CAPTAIN  
COE.



SPORT IN THE DOMINIONS OF THE CZAR: RUSSIAN HUNSMEN AND THEIR PACK.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FEBRUARY fill-dyke ushered itself into existence last week without any of the boisterous symptoms which winter usually displays in its final exit. A day of lamb-like mildness and almost melting mood, in weather when fur-coats seemed overpowering and a diaphanous blouse almost possible, with mimosa in the flower-sellers' baskets once again, and the impudent chirping of precocious

"Captain L. L., A. A. Club; good-looking; no visible means of subsistence; of boundless effrontery in the pursuit of heiresses; Service men speak of him witheringly as a 'Spring Captain,' which is rude Anglo-Saxon for Militia; has been engaged six times in two Seasons, and still active; the only money he has ever been known to pay being for stamps and his Club-subscription"—and so on indefinitely. It is to be hoped that that visiting-book will be provided with a spring-lock, otherwise the distinguished novelist's rest will be broken in upon by libel-suits, not to mention blackthorns; but his wife says that has been arranged!

Fashion seems in rather a fluctuating mood at the moment, and oscillates between large Romney-hats and those ridiculously minute capotes which are a cross between a smoking-cap and a Glengarry. Both wide sleeves and tight sleeves are in view, skirts that sit out stiffly and skirts that trail and droop, while for outer wearables the little coat still contends with the Kit-kat length which prevailed during the winter. Naturally, one's sartorial outlook is limited in February, but creations are being sent down daily to Monte Carlo that shadow forth the manner of next summer, and already one hears of a great deal of gold and silver both in lace and tissue as being employed on evening-frocks, together with revisiting of moire antique to Riviera moons, while the softly draping cashmere is plentifully seen for white day-gowns, and in pale colours as well, trimmed either with embroidered velvets or the again-revived silk fringe. Terry velvet, another friend of the 'fifties, is on the list of novelties from the Rue de la Paix, a gay little frock in pale tan, with ficelle lace and peeps of pale-green chiffon in the front, being one of the new things



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE EVENING-GOWN OF WHITE GLACÉ.

Metropolitan sparrows to remind one that the time of mating is at hand. It could only be a farmer of grumbling habit who would describe our first day of spring, 1905, as a "weather-breeder," in the pessimistic manner of the Surrey yeoman; yet storms often follow these ideal days of early spring in our weather-ridden island, and those who can mount the magic carpet and find themselves amidst mimosa and budding orange-blossom within twenty-four hours are to be seen daily departing by the 10 a.m., followed by the envious regards of less electro-plated mortals.

A friend, possessed with ideas, and herself the brilliant wife of a favourite novelist, has borrowed a notion from the Cautionary List of last week's *Truth*, and intends to annotate her visiting-list on the same candid lines, with the artistic intention of providing her husband with thumb-nail sketches for his novels. For instance—

"Lady E., 44, L. Place; well over sixty; golden hair; girlish manners; two husbands (consecutively); gives good dinners; affects young men; wears wonderful diamonds which a wicked world reports as formerly provided by another woman's husband."

"Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Aaron, 113, D. Street; originally of Palestine; changed present name from Maccabæus; financially potent; with social yearnings; methods of creating present enviable state of income plunged in twilight; two sons who are being piously modelled on the English-gentleman pattern by means of Eton, Oxford, and unimpeachable tutors; grandmothers and other impecunious blood-relations rigorously banished from the gorgeous portals of D. Street."



[Copyright.]

A "TAILOR-MADE" OF THE MOMENT.

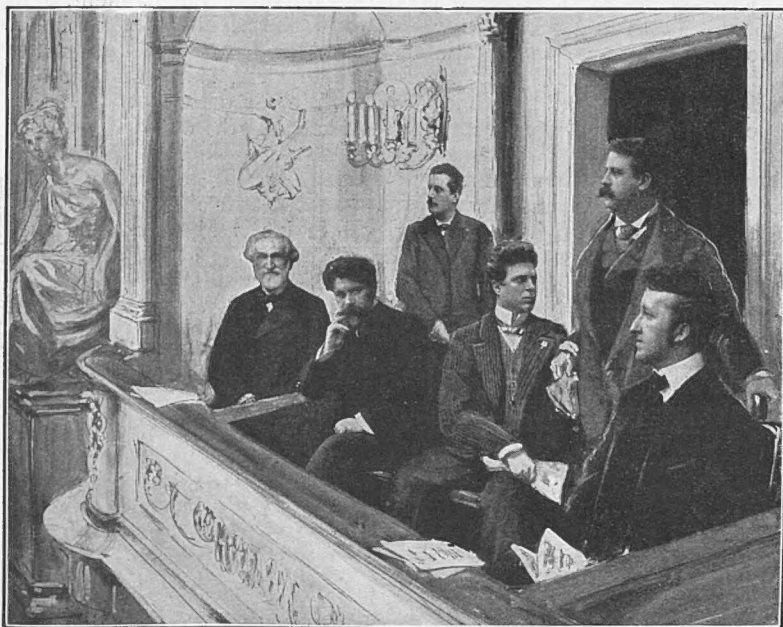
in this material admired by an observant correspondent on the Terrasse at Monte this week.

Two frocks of distinct though dissimilar merit embellish our pages this week: one, a tailor-made of parts, with smart frock-coat and two-decker skirt supremely well cut in dull-blue cloth, the collar and



cuffs of sapphire velvet, the muff chinchilla, the hat a curious harmony of dark petunia and powder-blue—an entirely new combination which the greatly daring Paris *couturière* is at the moment busily exploiting. A simple evening-frock of pale dove-coloured taffetas shows another phase of fashion. Fichued, paste-buckled, and falling in soft folds after the approved manner of sixty years ago, little satin slippers of the same tone as the gown are a welcome re-introduction, and for afternoon-wear elbow-sleeves and long suede gloves are again a well-established reality amongst the well-dressed.

An invitation recital at the Angelus Hall, Regent Street, furnished many emotions and one very apparent moral to the appreciative audience foregathered on Friday afternoon, when that marvellous instrument, the Angelus, discoursed Hungarian dances, reveries, capriccios, overtures, polonaises, and Beethoven knows what, in the



A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING OF MUSICIANS.

*These Musicians have all spoken in praise of Odol.*

most finished manner possible, and with an expression, technique, and execution worthy of all the Immortals together. Mr. Eugene Meier provided some exquisite violin-solos, the Angelus acting as a perfect accompanist, to the edification and envy of everyone present not already possessed of that fascinating instrument.

When poets, in a fine frenzy of emotion, take to deifying their particular source of inspiration, either generally or "in parts," you will find them expending energy and emphasis on every atom that goes to make up the beloved whole. Her rippling hair, her liquid eyes, her shell-like ears, her marble shoulders, her pearly teeth—we all know how the gamut goes. The ardent lover never realises how much hair-brushes and henna, dentifrice and pearl-powder go to assist the unspeakable perfection of his goddess. Nor is it intended that he should. Still, the gentle art of beauty is not a cult at which to curl the lip—unless, indeed, with the object of showing how white Odol can render the aforesaid pearly teeth—when, whatever the cause of a smile, one can only pause to admire the effect. In connection with this same fragrant preparation, the makers thereof announce that they have received special testimonials from each celebrated musician included in the group above, and are able to quote the departed veteran, Maestro Verdi, as well as Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Siegfried Wagner, and Herr Nikisch, as giving vent to passionate protestations of admiration for Odol and its attributes. Indeed, to give verbatim two lines, we are told that the composers and conductors "represented in the illustration have been among the most enthusiastic users, admirers, and recommenders of Odol." Further testimony, whether written in epic or doggerel, in noble periods or professional patter, is surely unnecessary, and it only remains for the great British public, singly or collectively—but the latter for choice—to buy Odol and live happily, with white teeth, ever after. The harrowing picture of somebody who didn't, or couldn't, or wouldn't buy Odol was, indeed, vividly drawn for me the other day, and this is what happened. I shudder as I write! She—I think it was a she: they have so much less sense than he's. At all events, she did not buy Odol, and so her teeth fell out, her cheeks fell in, her tears fell down, her admirers fell away, and she finally fell into the tomb—a tragedy in five Acts; and to think it need never have been written if that misguided mortal had bought herself betimes an opaline flask of translucent, transcendental, transfiguring Odol!

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JACINTH.—Of course, calling is an unmitigated nuisance, and the written laws thereof are undoubtedly relaxed. You should be punctilious about first calls, but for the rest must use your own judgment, bearing in mind that nowadays we are more practical than to waste six afternoons of the week in "shooting pasteboards" as people did a dozen years back. The telephone, bridge, and week-ends out of town have all done much towards banishing formal calls. For which relief, indeed, much thanks.—SYBIL.

#### PERSONAL NOTES.

*A Czar of Courage.* Nicholas I., the great-grandfather of the present Czar, was a very different man from his successor. In 1825 he became Czar because his elder brother had contracted a morganatic marriage, but the Imperial Guard mutinied and a great crowd surged up to the Winter Palace to support the Grand Duke Constantine. It looked like a revolution, but Nicholas was not a man to be trifled with. In his white uniform, and long, white mantle, and with his golden helmet on his head, he drove his sleigh through the Palace-gates into the middle of the crowd. He was a magnificent man, and, drawing himself up to his full height, he thundered at the mob, "On your knees, curs! I am your Czar!" There was a moment's hesitation, and then the mob uncovered and fell on their knees. "It is well," said Nicholas, and drove back to the Palace. There was no further opposition to his accession.

*"Bagatelle."* The late Sir Richard Wallace's beautiful domain near Paris is regarded as something of a white elephant by the Municipality to whom it has been left. Sir Richard Wallace never employed fewer than twenty gardeners, and the expenses of keeping up the grounds came to considerably more than three thousand pounds a year, without counting the sums spent on the house and the stables. The Marquis of Hertford expended a thousand pounds in planting the hillock which concealed the water-works with shrubs, and every year five miles of flowers were set out in the beds. The question for the Paris Municipality now is, where are they to find the money for keeping up the property, for they have no funds at their disposal for the purpose, and they cannot very well let the beautiful grounds go to ruin.

*Prince Troubetskoi.* Prince John Troubetskoi, who has suddenly leapt into fame on account of the bomb which was placed outside his house in the Rue d'Argenson, is the Russian Military Attaché in Paris. He is one of the best-known and best-liked of the Russian colony in that city, and his powerful face, fringed with thick, iron-grey whiskers, is familiar to the "Tout-Paris." He is about sixty years of age, and is often to be seen driving a phaeton with a pair of high-stepping horses along the boulevards. His house in the Rue d'Argenson is a very fine building, four storeys high, and is most artistically furnished.

*The New Judge.* Mr. Henry Bargrave Deane's appointment to a Judgeship of the Divorce Court is particularly appropriate, for Mr. Deane has been the leader in the Probate and Divorce Courts for some years past. The son of a prominent lawyer, the late Dr. Parker Deane, Q.C., it was natural that he should adopt the law as a profession, and he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple some five-and-thirty years ago. He has been Recorder of Margate for the past twenty years, a "Q.C." for nine years, is the author of a treatise on "The Law of Blockade," has a commanding manner, was a ruthless cross-examiner, and looks his part thoroughly.



LANCASTRIANS' SHIELD FOR H.M.S. "LANCASTER."

The Association of Lancastrians in London has presented to H.M.S. *Lancaster* a shield for annual competition by the guns' crews. This trophy has been beautifully executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., London and Sheffield.

The South-Eastern Railway is running week-end trips to Deal and back. First-class rail and accommodation at the South-Eastern Hotel and return-ticket from Saturday to Monday are provided for forty shillings.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 os. 3d.  
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ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.  
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.  
Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "Union Bank of London," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 198, Strand, London.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 22.*

## MARKET GOSSIP.

THE Bank Return was a very strong one, owing to the receipt of nearly a million of gold from abroad, and in ordinary times it would have had a very steadying effect on gilt-edged stocks; but business is so slack, and all markets, except Yankees, show such pronounced dullness, that nothing seems to put any life into them. The Chairman of the London and County Bank, at the meeting, spoke most optimistically as to the future of the best investment stocks, and it is, at least, comforting that a man in the position of Sir Thomas Jackson anticipates an improvement in the coming half-year.

Apart, however, from a permanent revival of Stock Exchange activity, we think a recovery of the transient order is very nearly due, and that the next few days will bring this about.

This week we give a view of the Los Angeles Mine—the property of Mr. McConnell, in the State of Chihuahua, in the Republic of Mexico—for which we are indebted to the Premier Exploration and Development Syndicate, Limited. This Company has lately been formed to exploit a concession of 150 square miles in the mineral district of San Juan de Nepomuceno. In this district are several prosperous private mines, of which the Los Angeles is the best-known. The Syndicate has the right to prospect all Government lands within this area, and, according to the report of Mr. W. R. Scott, there are both work and wealth enough at its disposal to last for many years.

## HOME RAILWAYS AFTER THE DIVIDENDS.

By those in close touch with the markets in the Stock Exchange itself, it is being said that the Railway dividend announcements just made have seldom been received with such languid interest on the part of the public. From this the deduction is obvious that speculation in Home Railway stocks has sunk to an abnormally low ebb, while the results achieved are so near to popular estimates-in-advance as to have provoked neither buying nor selling to any considerable extent. The dividends certainly cannot be acclaimed as good, and to say they are colourless is to put a favourable complexion upon the distributions. The Chairmen, at the meetings already held, have called attention to the almost sensational decline in the number of passengers carried, the loss to the railways being, of course, so much gain to the trams. One by one the great trunk-lines are reluctantly experimenting with electric-traction on their own systems. The event of the Home Railway world last year was the cutting-down of expenses in consequence of proprietorial agitation arising from the reduction in dividends. Out of the latter evil came the former good, and we wonder whether it is too much to hope that the competition of the trams will still further force the railway boards into making new exertions for saving what, after all, is a paying branch of their business—the suburban traffic.

## KAFFIR CONTRADICTIONS.

Spreading out all the arguments in favour of Kaffirs on one side, and all the arguments against them on the other, the net balance will be found to be heavily in favour of the bull side. That is, in theory. If theories governed quotations, Kaffirs would be standing considerably higher than they are, inasmuch as the industry is not only on the high road to restoration to the ante-War prosperity, but prices are much lower than they were just before Peace was declared. Unfortunately for holders, the principle of theory does not always count for much in the Stock Exchange. What practically happens may be quite a different thing, and the listlessness of the market is the reason why prices fail to maintain the advantages gained during the brief spurt of November and December last. It is singular with what unanimity the outsiders, who take only a second-place interest in the Stock Exchange, regard the Kaffir Circus as being very little use to them from the money-making point of view. They decline to be caught bulls of shares: they see no attraction in buying at these prices and in such a dry market. It is not surprising, not a bit; but until this attitude of restraint becomes broken down by sheer force of gold-production, dividend-payments, share activity, or some such force, no abiding improvement can be looked for in the Kaffir Circus.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"What's up?" asked Our Stroller, colloquially, as he strayed into the midst of the Kaffir Street-market the other evening.

"What's up?" repeated the interlocutee, indignantly. "Nothing's up. It's coming down."

Again the crowd of upturned faces ducked as a little shower of cement or small stones rattled down from the scaffolded erection overhead.

There was another half-indignant roar at the workmen.

"Bad enough to have prices fall, without bricks thrown in," grumbled a dealer.

"It all comes from above," and the speaker laughed at his own words. "Nothing meant, nothing meant," he added, hastily.

"And Kaffirs come from below," remarked a third. "The market has as many moods as a woman."

"Without the attractions."

"Ah, but, you see, the market is no longer young, and I was speaking—"

"Why trouble to explain?" asked a fourth. "Granted that Kaffirs come from below, what are the prospects of Devels?"

"That's fairly decent for a young 'un," condescended the man who had first spoken. "Transvaal Developments, my dear boy, will go over 2."

"Not half!" exclaimed another.

"Oh, no, I don't suppose they *will* go to a half over 2. But to forty-two-and-sixpence—yes."

"In which case Henderson's ought to be a good buy."

"Think so? I'd rather have Johnnies or Barneys. They're both pretty cheap now."

"Provided that the market develops any staying power."

"Goes without saying, of course. If I were a rich man—"

The Stroller at this moment got separated from the quartette by railway-van circumstances. After the *mêlée* he found himself, a little breathless, on the West-End fringe of the market.

"Let's go and have a look at Yankees," he said to his other self, who agreed, and he forthwith made tracks for Shorter's Court.

"You've heard that story about the little girl?" he heard somebody say.

"Which story?" was the reply.

"A little girl wanted to play a joke upon her mother one First of April, and she said, 'Oh, Mummy, there's a strange man kissing the new governess in the nursery.'"

"Well?"

"The mother ran upstairs, but the little girl went after her and caught her up. 'Oh, Mummy, you *are* an April fool,' she said, delightedly. 'It's only daddy!'"

Our Stroller agreed with his *alter ego* that he had heard something like it before.

"Despite the President," a man, apparently a broker, was saying in conclusion of a sentence.

"And look as if they'd go better, that's the funny part of it."

"Can't help going better," joined in another, who stood stolidly pipe-sucking.

"What's that they're bidding for?" inquired Our Stroller, with the accustomed assurance of a practised hand.

"Southern Pacific and Atch. Is it very many shares?" and the dealer leant forward with an air of expectancy.

"Thanks, but I don't—er—that is, I'm not operating," our friend replied, hesitatingly.

The trio against the wall eyed him with concentrated witheringness, but Our Stroller pretended to take no notice and lounged up the Court.

"Shoving them along, aren't they?" a man said to him, as he stood near the Trunk entrance to the House.

"I got up all right," replied our *protégé*, misunderstanding the remark. The other speedily enlightened him, and they both laughed.

"Thought you were a broker," the House-man explained, to which The Stroller bowed and thanked him for the compliment.

"Don't know there's much compliment about it," and the member laughed again. "See your way in Yankees at all?"

"People say they are going better."

"I admire evasiveness. What's your own particular fancy?"

"They tell me Southern Pacifics are the next things to be taken in hand. My friends were discussing it at the Club last night."

"Not far out, either, it seems to me. My own weakness—," and he stopped.

"Is?"

"Well, it sounds childish, but I have a great fondness for Steel Preferred."

"From which I infer you've done well out of them in the past. Eh?"

"Dare say that's got something to do with it," admitted the member. "I wouldn't be cooling my heels out here if it weren't in the hope of buying a few cheap."

"What can they go to?" asked Our Stroller.

"I don't know. Who does? I put 105 on them as their present value."



SORTING ORE, LOS ANGELES MINE, STATE OF CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.



The Stroller nodded good-night and made his way into the Street. He passed his three friends, and affected not to notice them when he saw they were staring at him.

"If I don't hurry— Why, here you are!" and he almost ran into the arms of his broker.

"Oh, no, don't apologise for leaving town so early. No, I'm not coming back to your office. Which way are you going home?"

"I was just off to get a steady hour at billiards," the broker answered. "Some fool put my name down for the Stock Exchange Billiards match, and, well, I've left it there. It means practice, though."

The pair stopped only for tea-and-toast, then bowled up West in a hansom.

Only a few men were in the long room, and the tables looked exceedingly inviting.

"How many will you give me?" said The Stroller, carefully selecting his cue.

"Start level, and then we shall see how many you must owe me," replied his friend.

Both men scored rapidly, and in fifteen minutes the first hundred went up, the broker looking rather blue.

The Stroller replaced his cue and said he had had all the luck. The few spectators made flattering remarks.

"Aren't you going to give me my revenge?" asked the broker.

"Presently, if you don't mind. I've a tiny sprain in my right wrist, and it's just catching me. May I rest for a game?"

The others round about made further remarks, and another game commenced. Our friend watched the play, seated by another man whom the broker had introduced as Mr. G., one of the shining lights of the Jungle Market.

"Can any good thing come out of West Africa?" The Stroller adapted.

"They say not, but yet I don't know. I can't help thinking we shall see West Africans better next month."

"The wish being father to the thought?"

"Yes, of course, we all want 'em better, if only to encourage business. I'm not above advising my friends to buy Wassau and Amalgamated, you know."

"As a mere gamble, I suppose?"

"Not entirely. Gold will be produced some day—"

"From sea-water, too. Running very slowly, aren't they?"

"And when these West Africans—what's that, marker?—begin to produce, people will begin to buy them."

"Par—89!" called the marker, who is accustomed to Stock

Exchange customers, whereupon Our Stroller took his broker in hand, with results that should be manifest in the House-match when it is played.

#### THE EGYPTIAN AND SUDAN MINING HANDBOOK.

Messrs. Mathieson and Sons, of Copthall Avenue, have sent us a copy of their new Handbook dealing with the Egyptian Mining section of the Stock Exchange. It is priced at a shilling, and contains much useful information, including details of the whole of the concerns having Egyptian concessions, and copies of the prospecting-licence usually granted, and of the mining-lease under which mines can, when located, be taken up. Everybody interested in Egyptian concerns should have a copy for reference.

Saturday, Feb. 4, 1905

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

THE GENERAL.—We cannot quite understand whether your mother left you specifically the stocks named, or a general legacy of so many thousand pounds, in satisfaction of which the executors have transferred the stocks. If the former, you are entitled to the dividends from the date of the death; if the latter, the executors have a year in which to pay and you have no cause of complaint. The securities are all very good; but, if you were to sell those paying the lowest rates of interest at present prices, and re-invest the money in (1) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, (2) Johannesburg 4 per cent. or City of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds, (3) Argentine Great Western Pref. stock, (4) Inter-oceanic of Mexico Prior Lien Bonds, (5) Queensland Investment 4 per cent. Debenture stock, (6) C. A. Pearson 5½ Pref. shares, (7) Imperial Continental Gas stock, you could, with every reasonable safety, bring the yield up to 4½ per cent. all round.

UNLUCKY.—If you are always selling out whenever your investments drop a few points, you cannot expect to do anything but lose your money. Buy Bank of Egypt shares, or Trustees and Executors shares, or Foreign and Colonial Investment Deferred stock. See "Our Stroller" for Mine tips.

SHANNON.—If you are fool enough to place your money, subject to five years' notice of withdrawal, with the money-lenders trading under the *nom-de-guerre* mentioned, you deserve to lose it. You cannot get 10 per cent. for money without work and without great risk.

FENLAKE.—We do not know the people you name, but if you can get your money back and a profit, we strongly urge you to take it and have no more dealings. These sort of people often pay the first time, on the principle of throwing a sprat to catch a herring.

RECTUS.—You can safely deal with Nathan Keizer and Co., of 28, Threadneedle Street, E.C., for premium bonds. It is only the names of members of the Stock Exchange that we do not mention in this column.

CONSERVATIVE.—The Bank is first-class. Why not also purchase (1) Bank of Egypt, (2) Lady's Pictorial Pref. shares, (3) Premier Diamond Preference, (4) the 6 per cent. Debentures of the United States or New York Brewing Companies? We think both these are well covered by the value of the properties mortgaged, and are therefore safe and cheap. See also answer to "The General."

SMOKE

# LAMBERT & BUTLER'S

Packets of 10 -

3<sup>d</sup>.

## Straight

# WAVERLEY

## Cut

Packets of 20 and - -

- Tins of 50 and 100.

# VIRGINIA CIGARETTES